MISSION TALES IN THE DAYS OF THE DONS

MRS. A. S. C. FORBES

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CARINA

MISSION TALES IN THE DAYS OF THE DONS

BY

MRS. A. S. C. FORBES

Author of "California Missions and Landmarks"
and "El Camino Real"
With Eight Full Page Illustrations and Decorative Drawings
BY
LANGDON SMITH

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INTRODUCTION

THE salient points of these Mission Tales are derived from facts, stories, and reminiscences told to me by California pioneers.

Among those to whom I am pleased to be indebted are the late venerable and most revered Father Rubio, Father Ubach, and Father Bott.

Father Rubio graciously and generously placed at my command his splendid library, and my research was enlivened by his delightful reminiscences of his fifty years in Mission work among the Indians and among the early Spanish settlers. His field of work extended from San Luis Obispo to San Fernando, and his declining days were spent in Los Angeles.

To the Right Reverend Archbishop George Montgomery I am deeply indebted, as he graciously gave me a personal letter that enabled me to inspect, at leisure, the old archives of the Missions and the highly prized vestments, ornaments, and relics belonging to the early period of the Catholic Church in California.

Many others assisted me with details and olden customs, especially Rev. Father Juan Caballeria, of Los Angeles, Rev. James M. O'Sullivan, S. J., of Santa Clara College, Mr E. R. Plummer and Mr. Adolfo G. Rivera, of Los Angeles.

Some of the historical incidents are noted in the works of Bancroft and Hittel, and in the letters of General Vallejo.

THE AUTHOR.

Los Angeles, California.

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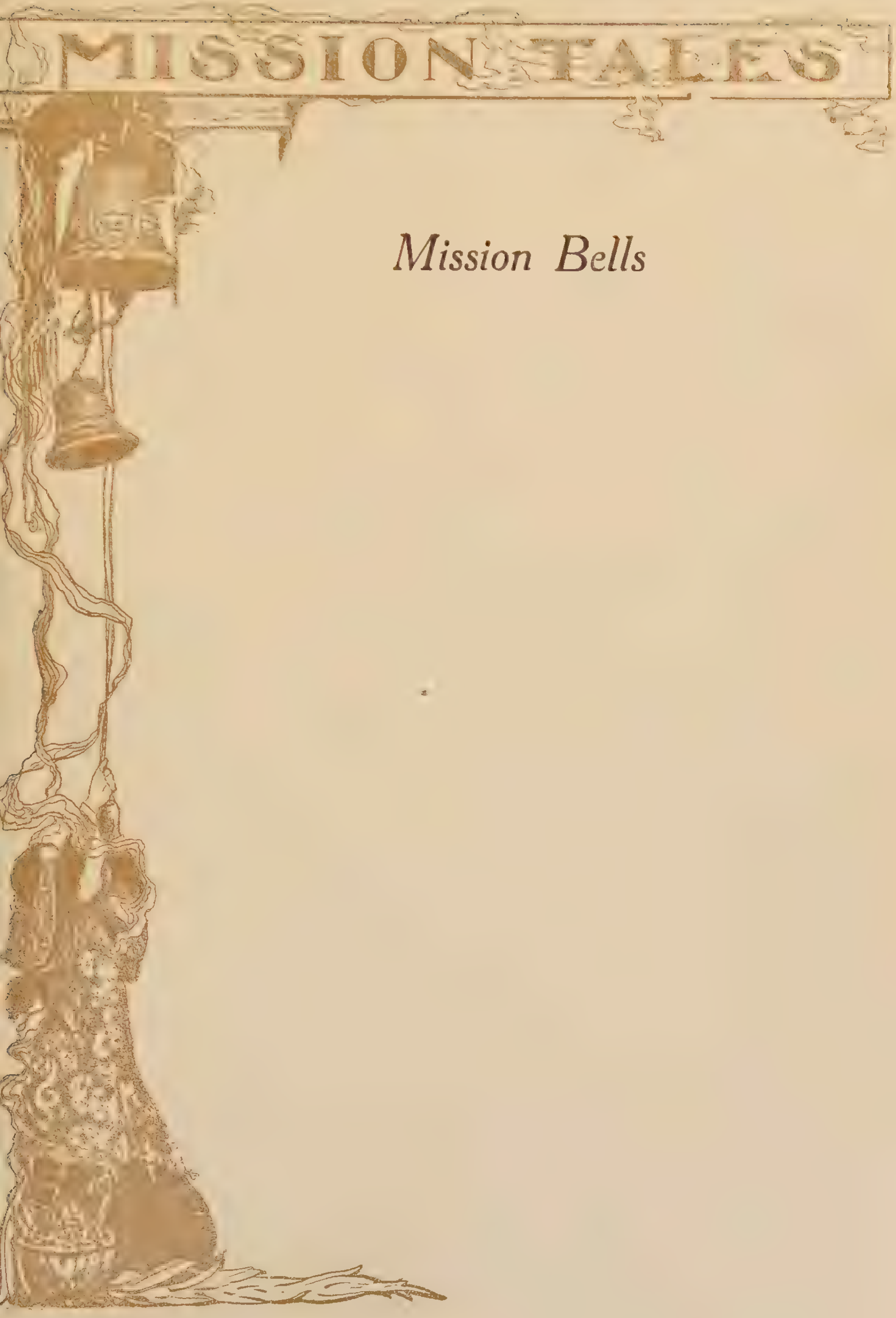


Mission Bells

MISSION TALES IN THE DAYS OF THE DONS

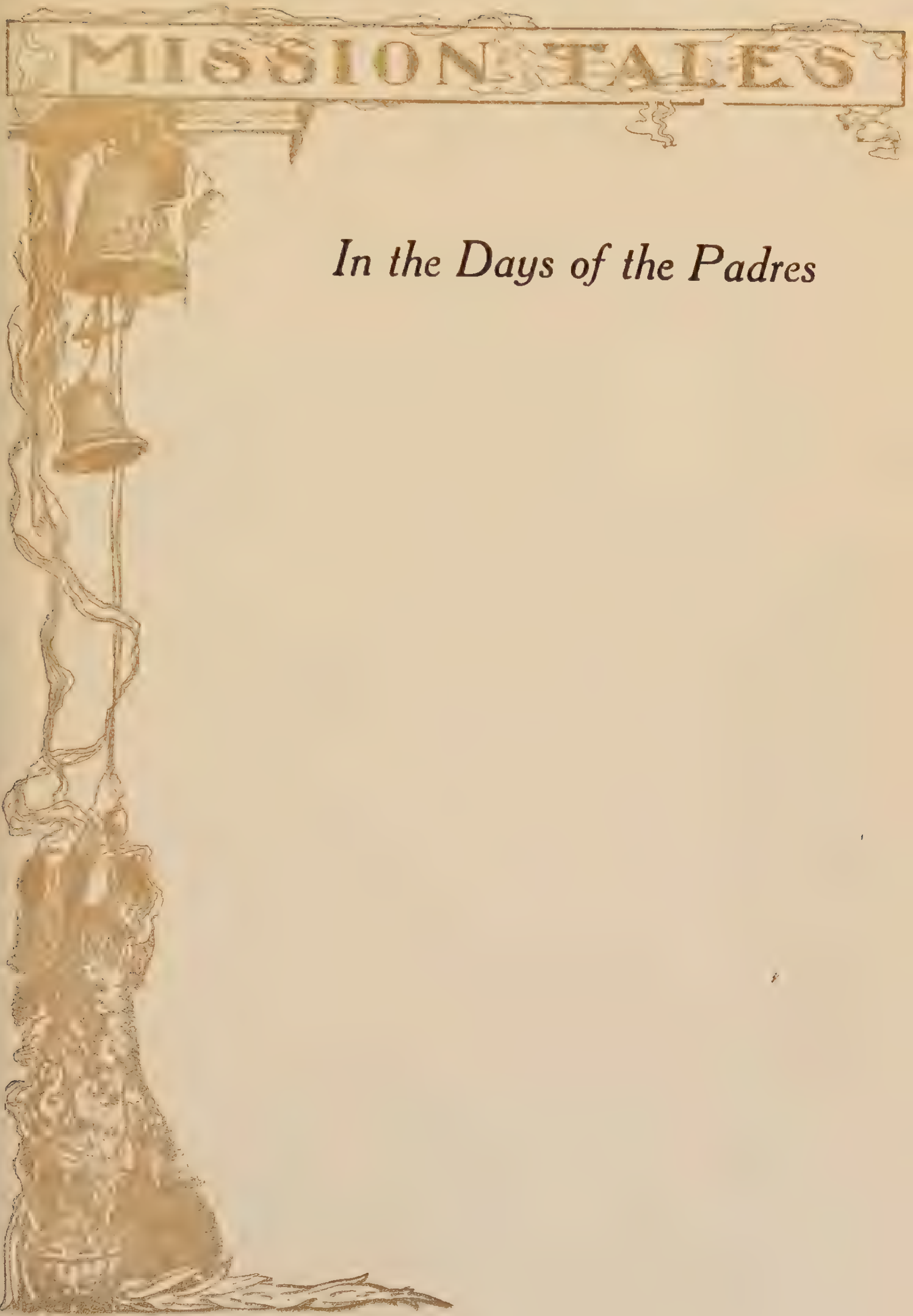
MISSION BELLS

HEAR the chiming of the bells,
Mission bells;
What a world of blessedness
their melody foretells!
Hear them chiming, chiming, chiming,
In the early hour of light
When the sun is climbing, climbing,
O'er the mountain tops, combining
Crystal dewdrops with the night.
Hear them ringing, ringing, ringing,

MISSION BELLS

Calling men to holy vows;
See them swinging, swinging, swinging,
From the bended oaken boughs,
Where the chapel for the people,
Is the heaven's star-lit steeple
That's attuned with sounding cells
To the music of the bells,
Mission bells,
Throbbing bells!
Hear them swell in agitation,
Calling out regeneration
Or a destiny of Hell!
How they throb, and roll, and toll,
Sobbing of the melancholy goal
Of the tomb
And the doom.

Then they peal in merry notes
Fairly bursting throbbing throats
In a joyous happy rhyme,
          Keeping time,
          Swinging time,
To the joy that scintillates
Round a soul that intimates
          It has heard
          Welcome word.
Hear the liquid, mellow tones of the bell,
          Mission bell,
When the neophyte is kneeling at the well,
          Fountain well,
          Holy well!
Hear the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Oh, the rhyming and the chiming Mission bells!

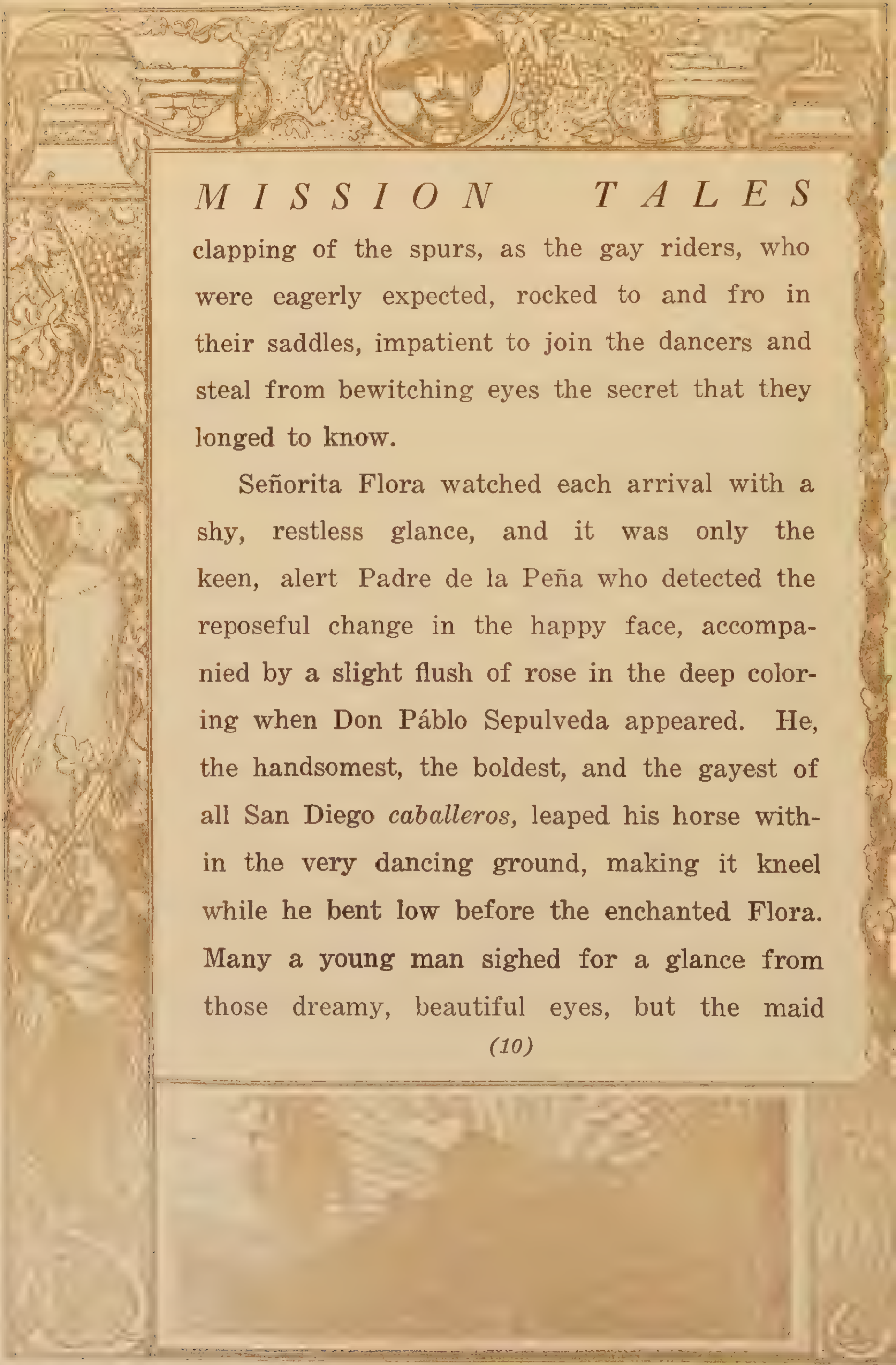


In the Days of the Padres

IN THE DAYS OF THE PADRES

THE dark-eyed Indian girls of San Diego Mission were pictures of charming beauty as they danced in gay fiesta dresses, keeping perfect time to the soft strains of the guitars and the snapping castanets. There were many Spanish girls also attending the Mission school, and the Indians' natural grace was quickly benefited by daily contact with these daughters of a more favored people.

On this evening the valley hummed with suppressed emotion, the gentle breeze carried the seductive music out to meet the rhythmic



clapping of the spurs, as the gay riders, who were eagerly expected, rocked to and fro in their saddles, impatient to join the dancers and steal from bewitching eyes the secret that they longed to know.

Señorita Flora watched each arrival with a shy, restless glance, and it was only the keen, alert Padre de la Peña who detected the reposeful change in the happy face, accompanied by a slight flush of rose in the deep coloring when Don Páblo Sepulveda appeared. He, the handsomest, the boldest, and the gayest of all San Diego *caballeros*, leaped his horse within the very dancing ground, making it kneel while he bent low before the enchanted Flora. Many a young man sighed for a glance from those dreamy, beautiful eyes, but the maid thought only of Don Páblo. She was a tall, handsome girl, with a slight strain of Indian blood in her veins, which gave a quiet, thoughtful touch to her nature, enhancing by contrast the Spanish gaiety that more frequently pervaded her actions.

Her love was plighted to Sepulveda, and she was happy. Señorita Flora danced with the inimitable grace of a Spanish beauty who knew her powers; and her handsome lover swayed with serpentine poise to the muse of golden melody, as he led her through the mazes of the *cuna,* watching with half-closed eyes the tempting richness of her beauty. Together they led the general dance of *Los Camotes*, the purely Californian dance, the only one the sainted Padres looked upon with unalloyed favor.

When the little Mission settlement was struggling for very existence, many years ago, one of the good Padres, to relieve the long evenings of monotony, and to drive away the haunting shadow of dull care, composed a song and dance that, being clothed with much pious sentiment, might justly be danced and sung within the Mission patio. This was *Los Camotes*—the sweet potatoes, or perhaps more correctly, the sweet herbs. To-night the young folks sang again the story told by the Franciscan father in the words of his song, of the financial distress of the new colony. To relieve the situation in that long ago, the earnest Padres planted a goodly crop of sweet herbs; but when the harvest time came there were not sufficient funds in the treasury to market the

crop, nor even to tend it properly; therefore the priests hypothecated or pawned the Mission in order to save the crop.

The chorus tells that, had they planted a more general crop, it would have been better for the Mission.

"Camotes y mas Camotes
Calabacitas, chilacayotes,
Limon partido.
Dame un abrozo
Por Dios te lo pido."

"Sweet potatoes and more
sweet potatoes
Little pumpkins and gourds,
Lemon sliced.
Embrace me,
For the love of God."

The original words of the song expressed adoration for the Holy Mother; but as years passed they became sadly perverted, and when the kneeling singer directed his upturned eyes to the smiling face above him, the adoration paused in its triumphant flight, and too frequently the embrace was intended for the partner — as it is to-day. The song had many verses, and each upon a theme of its own. The old custom of allowing the Indian girls to choose their husbands was set forth; and as sometimes occurs, the good Friar in this instance objected to the young man upon whom one of his neophytes insisted on lavishing her affections. The more seriously the Father objected, the more determined and persistent became the girl; until in despera-

tion the Padre banished the youth from the Mission.

In defense the young man sings:

"Porque, Padre, me destierras
Y me mandas padecer
Del mundo crueles penas
Sí el amor es la mujer."

"Why, Father, should you banish me,
And command me to suffer
The sorrow of the world,
Since the love comes from the woman?"

Gayly they danced and sang these merry songs, interspersed with single or double quick-steps or jigs, and the night had small hours when the neophytes sought the seclusion of the quadrangle. Many of the maidens were

to exchange, upon the following day, the tutelage of the Mission Padres for the influence of their homes on the ranchos.

The ever watchful De la Peña was glad when the young folks had retired, for he had reason to be thoughtful. Late in the evening he had overheard Don Páblo Sepulveda and Don José del Valle swear to make a tour from San Diego to the Mission of Solano de Sonoma and dance with all the beauties of the Missions. Had it ended there, no harm would have been done; but they boldly made a wager before a half-dozen friends, that each would return with the sacred marriage-promise of a dozen of these señoritas. The *caballeros* arranged to go by El Camino Real, at sunrise on the following day but one.

The honest Padre studied well what he should do. These godless youths, these thoughtless men, why could they not appreciate a woman's heart? Should he tell the girl, sweet, confiding Flora? No, that would never do. After a short time he came to a satisfactory conclusion, and it was but a very few moments until he rode forth into the moonlight. On his good-natured face there fluttered a confident smile, and now and again he wagged his head and murmured, "We shall see, young men, we shall see!"

As his well-fed, round little mule ambled along the good road that stretched in those days between the Missions of California, the faithful Padre cogitated upon the sins of the world, and especially upon the sins of men.

This good man grieved that the sons of Adam did not love the beauties of the heart, but won the soul-boat only to wreck it in a flood current of gray sadness. He saw these men revelling in butterfly fancy, sipping the rose-hued vintage from each pretty lip, only to steal the spring's warmth and pass on to the summer night's cool, stirring breeze. His heart rose in rebellion at their impious ravages on women's hearts and at their unconscionable vanity. He called them flatterers, triflers, deceivers, seducers. He spoke aloud, and advised the absent mothers to teach purity to their sons as well as to their daughters. He shamed the absent father for the neglect of his son. He called the son "personified vanity distributing heart-ache." Should two young

As His Round Little Mule Ambled Along, the Faithful Padre Cogitated upon the Sins of the World

women make raid upon the hearts of all *caballeros* dwelling between San Diego and San Francisco Missions, what would be the comment, the criticism, the verdict rendered in their case? Shame, disgrace, contempt. Yet here were two well-connected, popular, handsome young men openly, flauntingly, avowing their intention of committing such a folly. How they would be received when their mission was known, was the one thought uppermost in the mind of the Padre. Would women permit such desecration of their souls, the wanton trifling with their affection, their honor, their home life? He would test the Indian girl; for he knew that many of the most beautiful girls were Indians, and these young men would undoubtedly select the prettiest faces. He believed

the Indian would prove superior to those pale-faced maidens and mothers who carefully and constantly frown darkly upon all women who trifle away their own honor, yet permit the male participant in that sin to come into the very hearthstone circle of the home.

He fairly shouted: "Mothers, why teach honor to your daughters and let your sons run wild? Man came first, and should be the example."

The sweet call of the Angelus bell rang out on the evening air as the weary Padre rode up to the hospitable door of Mission San Juan Capistrano the following day. The evening meal was enlivened by the recital of the extraordinary cause of the Padre's visit to the Missions. No little amusement,

as well as vexation, was felt by the pious workers. When it had been well discussed, Padre de la Peña asked the Fathers of San Juan to carry the message to San Luis Rey, and perhaps even to Pala; he told them to tell all the maidens of the wager, and thus defeat the men. Late the following day he took a short route to Mission San Gabriel Arcangel, and rested at night at a rancheria where there were many pretty girls, and boldly but jestingly told them also of the wager.

Perhaps the good Father enjoyed the part he was taking in the little drama, for occasionally his clear voice rang out on the air singing snatches of gay rhymes, strains from the *caballeros'* songs, interspersed with sacred chanting, as he rode along the way.

Don Páblo Sepulveda and Don José del Valle were familiar figures along the Royal Road. They rode two splendid, velvet-footed, prancing horses that were always gayly decked with silver trappings, and they themselves were handsome in their rich riding capes and jackets, exquisitely embroidered scarfs and sashes, and wide-brimmed, silver-decked sombreros, as they went to pay their welcome, frequent visits to the Missions and the ranchos that lay scattered along the coast of California or not far inland. They were well known to the Mission Fathers, and hitherto had seemed great favorites.

It was with a certain surprise that they found only the male neophytes of the Mission ready to entertain them when they arrived at San Juan Capistrano the day after De la Peña's visit.

They soon proceeded to San Luis Rey and the neighboring *asistencia* chapel of Pala, where were some of the most beautiful Indian girls. Here their chagrin was almost shown when they were told that one fair señorita after another was absent on a visit, or engaged in some pursuits that demanded strict attention, or worse still, was seen to be deeply entertained by other señores.

Inclined to be haughty as well as bold, for they had been much petted at home and cajoled abroad, they timed a short stay and rode on to San Gabriel, designing, however, to lay siege again to the hearts of San Juan Capistrano and Pala when returning with their northern conquests.

"What! is Señorita Josefa also absent on

a visit, and charming Weenah betrothed to Don Toño Avila? And Señoritas Mariana and Tula and the gay Loreta, where are they?" asked the somewhat perturbed Sepulveda of the merry-faced major-domo of Don Juan's rancho.

"Is not Don Juan to give us our usual welcome and a dance?" joined in De Valle.

"Certainly, certainly, señores, Don Juan will come this evening and will entertain you; for the señoritas are away, all but Señorita Weenah, and she is now betrothed to Don Toño, as you say," drawled the major-domo with a smile almost provoking.

The following morning found the young men riding, not so gayly, away toward the little pueblo of Los Angeles, where surely they

would find a hospitable welcome from the several Spanish families clustered there. The few señoritas that were at home received the young men courteously; but, on the other hand, they sang so gayly with a visiting captain of the guards, and seemed so certainly to prefer the attentions of a young merchant of Los Angeles, who dropped in with a great box of bonbons and a huge cluster of Castilian roses, that Sepulveda and Del Valle early withdrew without any apparent regret on the part of the charming hostesses.

They could not fathom the quiet reserve with which they were treated, yet it was such that they could make no open objection. After talking it over they decided that they were "out of tune," as it were, and that a

quick gallop over Cauenga Pass and out along El Camino Real to Mission San Fernando would attune them to their quest and restore their usual spirits. They were sure to enjoy a day at the old olive Mission with the glorious red wines and fresh fruits; and besides, each already had a real sweetheart there. Of course Señorita Flora knew nothing of the dark-eyed brown maiden of the olives, but then there was no use telling Flora every little thing.

Arriving at San Fernando just as the early evening glow covered the distant hills in a robe of rose and purple hue, the young men felt that it had been all their own fault, that heretofore they had not been attuned and had been impatient. Here even the valley sent a mirrored glowing welcome.

With his quiet, alluring grace, Don Páblo eagerly asked the Padre of the Mission for the "little brown thrush," as he called the pretty Indian girl that had so charmed him, and whom also the good Padre loved as his own child.

"The child is not at the Mission; she was endangered from an attack of a serpent, and I sent her away that she might not be strangled,—'the little brown thrush,'" answered the Padre. Had Don Páblo been more keen, he would have felt the thrust but as it was, he asked with deep interest:

"Was she bitten, Father? Is she in danger, my 'little brown thrush'?" The piercing eye of the searcher of men saw that the man was, in his shallow way, concerned about the poor

little bird, and he was happy that the girl's confiding heart was indeed out of danger.

"No, she was not bitten, only attacked," said the Father, and led the young men into the dining-hall to have refreshments with the Padres.

Never were flirtatious youths more surely checked. San Fernando was in no way different from the other Missions or ranchos; a cordial hospitality was extended, but no señoritas were there to entertain them.

At Santa Barbara they learned that Padre de la Peña was but two days ahead of them, and they took notice, for the first time, that the quiet Padre was taking a journey to San Francisco as well as they.

Through previous arrangement, they were joined at Santa Barbara by the other comrades from San Diego, who knew of the wager and were all anxious to hear of the conquests. Sepulveda and Del Valle covered their defeat as best they could with wild stories and graceless lies; but soon the friends tantalized them into the confession that, for the most part, the señoritas were away from home—as the young men following well knew.

At least gay Monterey still lay before them, and the most beautiful and charming señoritas on the coast were there awaiting the attack. Padre de la Peña was there also before them. But here the maidens arranged quite a different reception for the daring *caballeros*. They prepared a gay and gorgeous festival.

They took counsel with the Padres and with their parents, with their betrothed and with the other gallant señores.

There was one, the fascinating Señorita Rubia, known to have charms that had all but captivated young Sepulveda upon his last visit. She was now the betrothed bride of Don Antonio Florenza. She should lead the dance with Sepulveda.

The young men from San Diego came and were all received with unrestrained welcome. The night was silent, placid, dreamy, beautiful; the full moon smiled triumphantly, and the glittering stars twinkled their approval; but the soft zephyr sighed in pity for the men. The pillars of the broad veranda were twined with vines and flowers intermingled with

gay streamers and banners of Spanish colors, and the soft candle-glow paled before the full flood of moonlight that shed its glory over the patio and beneath the wide-spreading arches, casting mellow rays over the soft adobe walls. The quiet murmur of the trickling water, as it played over the ivy-grown fountain, added allurement to the enticing scene, gay with bright blossoms and ferns, rare roses and strange vines.

The handsome señoritas gathered in clusters here and there, each vying with the others in contrasting charms. Don Páblo and Don José appeared early, made reckless by their former defeats and the knowledge that this was the only grand fiesta and dance they could expect. They plunged into the merriment and drank to its depth.

Dancing, singing, flirting, love-making, reckless flattery, song and wine, made the evening gay; and the opportunity made the two men wild. So frequently did they swear the same love away that they all but forgot the name of the first sweetheart. But the girls—they did not give a promise, they merely laughed.

Pretty Rubia, with most bewitching grace, hung attentively upon each word of the faithless Sepulveda. He was captivated, charmed, in truth enamored, and wholly forgot the bet and—Flora. He led the beautiful girl to the shadowed arches of the vine-draped quadrangle and made her listen to his burning love. She was silent; never before had she heard such ardent pleadings, such promises of enduring,

undying love. He swore his faith, his love, his very life, and begged her to believe him. Surely this man could not be acting.

Bending over her he cried, "Rubia, *querida mia,* listen: I love you, I love you with all the fervent ardor of my soul. I will break all the bonds that bind me, and live for you alone! Ah, soul of mine, how I love you, love you! I did not know my heart until this night; but now radiant happiness shines forth, and all my sighs, my very breath, shall be a plea that you will give me one ray of hope. Speak to me, love's heavenly jewel, and say you love me! Say there is one ray of sunshine for my adoring heart. Rubia, Rubia, my beloved, my adored, I swear my love, my troth to you! Darling one, I vow to

heaven here on my knee that my love is yours alone! Believe me," he pleaded.

Thus he told her over and over again that he loved her and her alone; but she sat silent, with a world of wonder in her exquisite face. How could a man be so deceitful? She knew of his wager, and did not believe a word of his protestations. She did not know that the man had lost his own happiness in his attempt to destroy hers. His heart cried out for her, for he saw that she did not believe him.

She quickly recovered her poise (for the ardent outburst had for the moment disconcerted her), and smilingly said:

"Give me as a love token, Señor Sepulveda, the beautiful scarf and band of perfect

embroidery that you wear, and then will I believe you," knowing that beyond all doubt they were Flora's handiwork.

Unhesitatingly the false Sepulveda unwound the scarf and band, the last gifts of the deserted Flora, and with perfect grace laid them at her feet. As she bent forward to receive them her soft perfumed presence was as wine to the kneeling man. He sprang to his feet and clasped her in his arms, and for one perfect, precious moment, he held her; he fairly crushed her in a fierce embrace against his fast-beating heart, as he pressed back her head and kissed her lips again and again.

She would have screamed aloud but for shame that she had allowed herself to be entrapped and outwitted. She struggled to free

herself, and with overwhelming, beauteous confusion she faltered:

"You take advantage of me! To-morrow—to-morrow I shall wear the beautiful scarf to the wedding at the church." Pausing, she added, "You will follow me there, Señor Sepulveda, will you not?"

Not really comprehending what she said, the love intoxicated man replied:

"I will follow you anywhere, over mountains or seas, Rubia, my love, my own! My life is complete. With thee, indeed, I will go to the church."

"No, no, you must follow," quickly answered the girl; for she was now wholly alive to the situation, and knew she must keep it in hand from now on.

Mention of the wedding gave her a slight mental shock; for, as she spoke, a comparison arose between Don Páblo and her own chosen Don Antonio, and brought quivering doubts to her mind. Could Antonio be thus untrue? Could Antonio thus trifle with a girl's love? The thought reflected sadness in her face. Sepulveda saw it, and with satisfaction believed that the shadow came because he might not accompany her to the wedding. His wager was entirely forgotten, and he now believed the girl's heart was indeed his very own.

The evening quickly closed, and it was not until he met Del Valle that Sepulveda realized what he had done, and knew that a very trying explanation would have to be made. Love's malady began to mend, and

Páblo at once cast about him for reasons and lies whereby to shield himself and satisfy his friend for having devoted himself almost entirely to the charming Rubia. But withal he was very happy.

He would not have been, could he have heard the handsome girl's rippling laugh as she gayly rehearsed the scene, under the shadowed arch, to the merry crowd of young folks, of whom Don Antonio Florenza was the most exulting.

The diamond dewdrops of the morning yet glistened on the blossoms that were gathered to decorate the grand Mission chapel of Monterey. A great wedding was to take place, and all the señores and señoritas for miles around were invited to be present. Both Sepul-

veda and Del Valle had been so engrossed with their own happiness over their evening's conquest that they had neglected to inquire who were to be married, and intentionally they had not been told.

Being guests at Monterey, as a matter of course they attended the wedding. The bells chimed gayly as the hundreds of guests gathered at the beautiful old Mission Carmel to witness the ceremony. List! They are coming, the wedding party is arriving! Many are the exclamations and expressions of admiration for the bride. "She is the handsomest girl in Monterey! Nay, the handsomest in all California! How glorious! How beautiful!" These and many other like remarks were made on every side.

Don Páblo heard and quickly said, "Why, no; Señorita Rubia is the flower of Monterey, the acknowledged jewel of the land!" And all who heard him smilingly answered, "Why, yes, so she is!"

They were coming down the aisle, this glorious beauty, this radiantly lovely bride and her attendants. Don Páblo turned slightly to look upon the wondrous beauty. He reeled, and steadied himself against Del Valle, his face an ashy gray. Within the sanctuary walls a curse escaped his lips as he saw the lovely, the handsome Rubia wound in his embroidered scarf, her graceful head carried high, crowned by a towering comb and an exquisite mantilla of lace, which partly hid her flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes, and inter-

cepted the defiant look that sought Sepulveda's bewildered gaze. In the expression of her face he read it all: the girl had known of the wager.

He did not hear the service, but he saw his own scarf wound about the necks of Rubia and Antonio as a yoke for the eternal wedding vows. He was the first to leave the chapel; and when his friends sought him to joke him about the wedding scarf, he was gone, and so also was Del Valle. They made their way to San Francisco to try to replace the scarf and band—a fruitless errand, as Sepulveda might have known had he remembered that Flora had made them herself.

With the indomitable self-assurance of a vain, pampered youth, Sepulveda prepared in

his mind a tale to tell the faithful, confiding Flora; but he might have saved himself the trouble, for in San Diego the daring, perfidious wager was now well known, and Father de la Peña had shielded the loving Flora by instructing her how to meet the trying situation.

On the first Sunday morning after the young men had returned and all the people were gathered in the chapel for services, the good Padre, openly, earnestly, and with directness, admonished all people to deal fairly and justly one with another, and seriously remonstrated with young men for their disregard of plighted love.

Don Páblo Sepulveda shrugged his shoulders and said:

"I like not San Diego, and shall go away."

"To Monterey?" softly whispered a voice behind him.

He turned quickly, but the speaker was gone. The voice was that of Señorita Flora.

MISSION TALES

A Story of San Juan Capistrano

A STORY OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

THE ruins of the once grand Mission of San Juan Capistrano were to be restored to the Padres.

As a parish church San Juan Capistrano had been a failure; the broad lands, the extensive herds, the thousands of Indian proselytes, and the wealth of the Mission had been scattered—had been divided and had passed into other hands. There was nothing left of the grandeur and power but a heap of magnificent ruins and a handful of saddened yet enthusiastic believers. These men and

women rejoiced that even the tumbled-down walls of grand old San Juan Capistrano were to be returned to their rightful owners.

It was in the year 1865 that the Bishop of California regained possession of the ruined Mission and sent out a call to the Indians to gather once again within the sacred grounds and join in giving thanks to the Holy One for His goodness. Many proved their love and devotion to the men who had guided them in the past, by joyfully responding to the call; and thus hundreds of dark men and women were again in the quadrangle of San Juan Capistrano to join in the religious festival that was to rededicate the glorious old Mission. To these people it was a whisper from the past, and with fast-beating hearts many

of them had prepared for the journey to the beloved Mission.

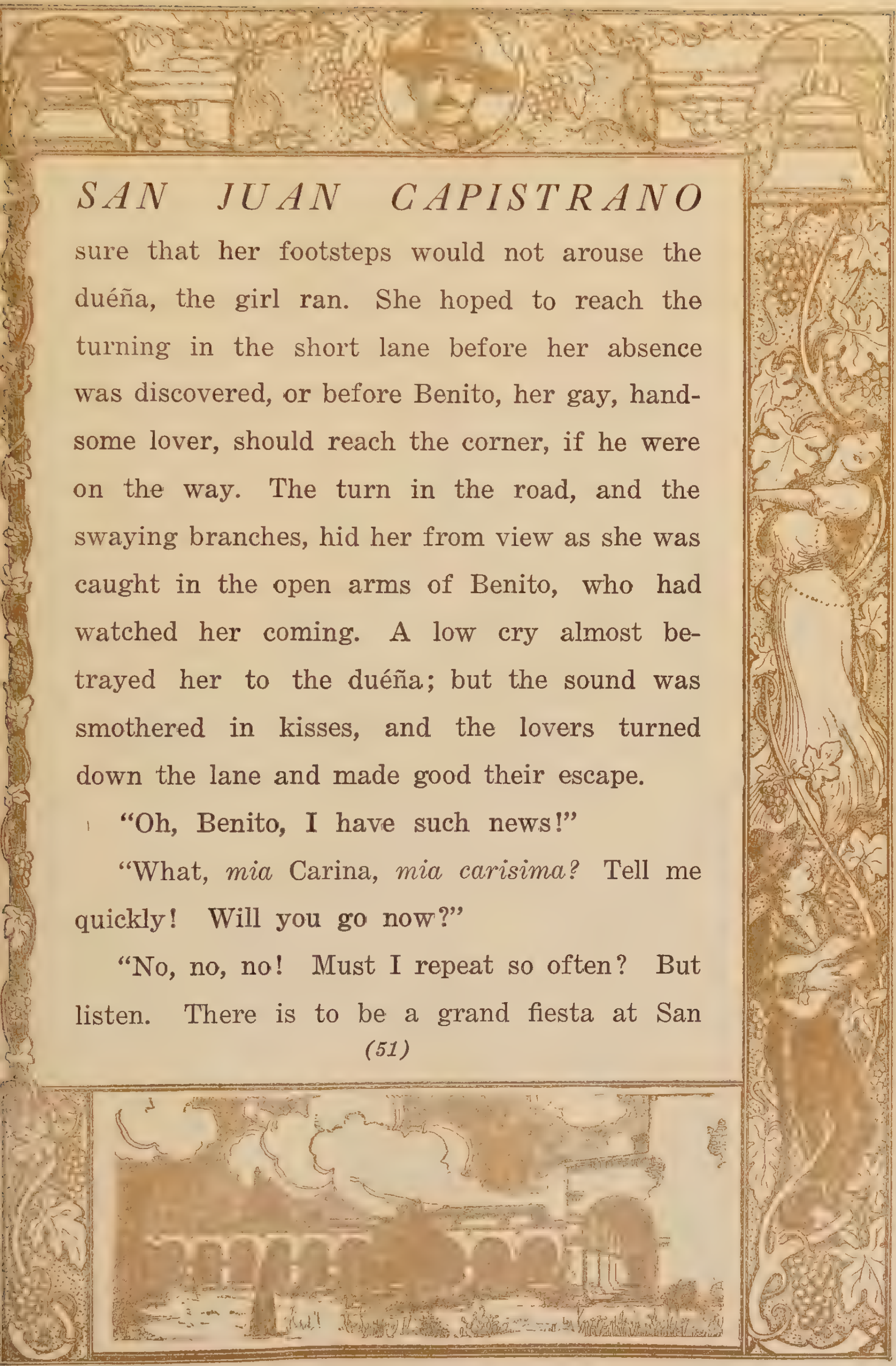
Many remembered the grandeur of the building before the disastrous earthquake of 1812 that shook the newly completed chapel to its foundation and sent the wide-spreading dome crashing down upon the kneeling congregation. Sad memories crowded their hearts, as one after another remembered parents, elder brothers or sisters who lay dead underneath the crumbled church walls, and heard again the terrified cries of those who yet lived and were imprisoned beneath the shattered timbers.

The miraculous escape of the holy men within the altar railing had ever enshrouded the Mission Padres with a veil of special protection, and the believers blindly and gladly fol-

lowed their leading. So the crowding memories brought old and young alike, and the occasion was one of great rejoicing.

To Carina, a beautiful half Indian, half Spanish girl, it seemed the event of her life. She had been reared by a kind-hearted couple who thought or cared for little else than the Church and a few tortillas. Her guardian, the good duéña, sat nodding in the doorway of a most picturesque little adobe hut, serenely content with the thought of once again going to the Mission and this time taking the dearly loved child Carina; while she, pretty maiden, slyly stole out through the waving and low-spreading pepper branches, looking for some one who waited for her.

When far enough away from the hut to be



sure that her footsteps would not arouse the duéña, the girl ran. She hoped to reach the turning in the short lane before her absence was discovered, or before Benito, her gay, handsome lover, should reach the corner, if he were on the way. The turn in the road, and the swaying branches, hid her from view as she was caught in the open arms of Benito, who had watched her coming. A low cry almost betrayed her to the duéña; but the sound was smothered in kisses, and the lovers turned down the lane and made good their escape.

"Oh, Benito, I have such news!"

"What, *mia* Carina, *mia carisima?* Tell me quickly! Will you go now?"

"No, no, no! Must I repeat so often? But listen. There is to be a grand fiesta at San

Juan Capistrano Mission, and the duéña and Pedro are going. Then shall I go. You, who scorn the Church and are ungodly, will not be expected to go; and then— Do you see?

"Ah, yes, sweet one, I see! I will be there, and then we shall find some one who will marry us."

"Ah no, ah no, Benito! Though I love you well, though I love you dearly and even steal these meetings with you, no real marriage can be between unbelievers and the true ones of the Holy Church. I have been sworn, and am sworn, into the Holy Mother Church, and you must come to the Church to get me."

"I will come to the Church, I will come to San Juan," he said.

Could Carina have seen the look upon his handsome face and in his artful eyes, she would have lost all faith in him.

The journey to San Juan Capistrano was hot and dusty, for the picturesque old Mission lies on a rolling crest in the centre of a basin, and beyond are other rolling barren hills. These hills were once covered with golden grain, vineyards and orchards, while the entire landscape was flecked with thousands of cattle and horses; everywhere was reflected thrift and industry.

Now, alas, there was nothing but naked tracts of ruggedness. The earthquake had transformed the proudest of the California Spanish Mission buildings into a pile of desolation. San Juan was never reconstructed; and the secularization completed the awful devastation by

scattering the Indians, the herds, and the grain. The half-civilized Indians were in no condition to be handed over to the new parish priests, who were without homes and lands to provide for them. The Indians needed greater care and deeper teaching than these simple vicars were willing or able to give.

The Padres, who had journeyed all the way from Spain to teach the love and life of Christ to these aboriginal men, grieved their disappointed hearts out when they found that after all their years of arduous labor, the thousands of neophytes, who were happy and contented, were separated and divided into small bands without leaders, and allowed to return to their original state. Ten years had

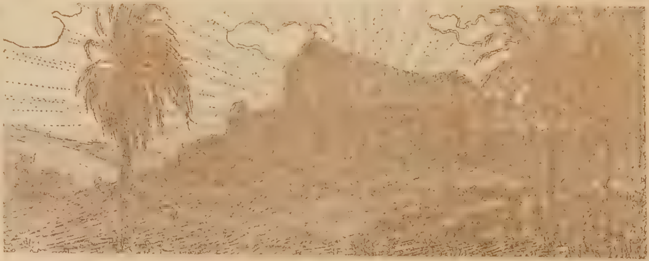
effected the complete disorganization and retrogression of the once prosperous Mission. The spiritual state was reflected in the chaotic pile that occupied the site of the once noble edifice.

The original structure, with its graceful arches and lofty dome, was begun February 2, 1797, and on the seventh of September, 1806, Padre Presidente Tapis, in the presence of devout Indians and earnest co-workers, dedicated with solemn high mass the splendid temple of stone and mortar. In less than two score years the faithful workers had gathered together and baptized more than four thousand persons; garnered 243,000 measures of grain; and at one time had 31,270 head of animals.

On this day the eloquent ruins bore silent

evidence of past glory; and the handful of still faithful neophytes attested the eternal success of the Padres' labors. The construction of the buildings and the work at the Mission were done by the Indians, with but one or two Spanish overseers as instructors. It was a splendid tribute to the ability of the Indian race; they had learned all from the Padres. Grand teachers and receptive pupils!

Across the naked hills where the scanty vegetation could not hide the gullied, water-worn ridges, there now and then arose clouds of dust that gave a softening touch to the glare of the reflection from those barren hills in the noonday sun. Each dust cloud announced another party of the faithful approaching. To the artistic eyes of the Padres,



each cloud mercifully cast a veil that robbed Mother Earth of her severity. Through half-closed eyes the good men saw a fitting background for the tumbleddown adobe walls, and the beauty of the picture was a solace for their aching hearts.

Before the earthquake the cloisters had entrance through a massive gateway; now the quadrangle was an open heap of ruins, wherein a brindle calf was staked. As the beast fretted at the end of its rope, a Padre, by way of preparing for the coming of the people, led the little stranger away to other pastures.

Already many had arrived at the Mission, and as the shades of night approached, preparations for camping were in active process, and the usually desolate quadrangle became a scene of

picturesque activity. A great camp-fire lighted up and beautified the ruined walls. Grave Indians and gay Mexicanos met in sympathetic harmony on mutual grounds. The quaint little adjoining village swarmed with life, and the dark-skinned señoritas and barefooted, chubby little children added beauty and interest to the long rows of low adobe buildings.

Benito had come early and was now searching for his friends Juan and Tomás, for he had need of them. Late in the waning twilight he spied, coming over the soft gray hill, old Pedro, the duéña, and the charming Carina.

Never had the girl appeared so radiant, so beautiful. Her dark olive skin was flushed with sun-kisses, which were deepened by the

rich red of the scarf that was lightly wound about her head and shoulders, revealing her throat and disclosing the rise and fall, as she fearlessly sang aloud the sacred hymns taught her by the casual visiting Padres. The campers were silenced by the sound of the music. She knew not that her voice reached out on the evening air and that all were listening.

The intensely blue sky, the solemn-faced sun sinking low in the west, and the soft, salted breeze floating in from the ocean, sent a deep quiet hush to close the day's tumult, and bring back again to the quaint little hamlet its usual air of rest and repose.

Nearer and nearer the rich voice came, until the words fell plainly upon the ears of the waiting people, when, as with one accord,

they rose and joined in the evening hymn. Lost in her own happiness and in the delight of the beautiful evening, Carina heeded not the singing throng, but advanced with her guardians, thinking that she had arrived just in time for vespers. From the village Benito had watched the girl's approach with guarded care, and her coming impressed him more than he would have admitted.

The evening was spent in religious ceremonies, chanting, and songs. All was quiet; the blue sky and purple hills of the day were turned into black, and all the rich hues were blotted out in the darkness. Carina sat watching and waiting for some sign that her lover was near. In her heart were no misgivings, but she had the reposeful feeling of confidence

and certainty that Benito would arrange all matters properly, and that their marriage was at hand. An oriole sang near her tent; sometimes softly, sometimes almost a scream. Finally she smilingly noticed it and arose and passed out.

The good duéña felt so relieved and secure now that the ungodly Benito was not near, that she was already sleeping quietly, overcome also by the fatigue of the journey.

Carina had made but a turn outside the old ruins, when the handsome Benito threw his serape about her and gathered her closely within his arms; then her joy was complete.

"What is it, Benito? What have you done?"

"Ah, sweetheart, I could not find Juan or Tomás, and I have done naught save come to kiss you and again say that I love you. I will find some one to marry us, my darling; or say but the word, and we will go away without it."

Her heart fairly stood still! Had she heard aright? Had he said it? Had he asked her to go without marriage? After all, was the good duéña right? Was the dear one not only ungodly, but mean and base? Carina felt no more pleasure or joy that evening with Benito, and was content to seek her pallet soon. She was quite weary, she said, in truth but half knowing that the cause was heart heaviness.

Though the day had been trying and the

journey fatiguing, the girl could not sleep. All night she watched the voiceless song of the stars or framed fancied spectres from the shadows cast on the arches, hoping some fairy-god would roll the vault of grim doubt from her mind and place her love back on its throne. Her heart fluttered and ached. Could it be that Benito would do her a wrong? Over and over again came the question, with no golden thought of assurance to silence the doubt. She must be true to herself. The duéña was right. Only once more would she meet him in secret, and then she would tell him her doubts and decision. Having come to this conclusion, she slept.

As the sun rose, it was her voice that led the morning song, as it filled and echoed through

the fallen arches and swelled like a heavenly choir the happiness of sweetened souls.

All day the Indians rejoiced that glorious San Juan Capistrano was to be rebuilt, rehabilitated, reconsecrated. Mass, baptisms, and marriages were performed throughout the day. The bells were gayly rung, and the old chapel resounded with sweet music.

The picturesque cloisters were a scene to be remembered, as the Indians knelt with upturned faces to receive the blessings of the faithful Padres and teachers. Evening service attracted all the villagers, for it had become known that the popular Benito's sweetheart was the singer who led the assembled choir.

Benito found his friends, and arranged with them that two swift ponies should be waiting

just outside the ruined walls of the old Mission. Grown bolder with the many praises of Carina's beauty and her lovely voice, Benito dared to join the party of happy young people gathered within the inner garden of the Mission for vespers; when the songs began he stood in the shadow of the arch very close to Carina, and as she sang he blended his voice with hers in such perfect harmony that even the Padres were struck with the heavenly music that the lovers made.

As the last notes died away and the soft breezes swept over Carina's cheek, she looked into Benito's eyes and whispered:

"Why, Benito, you sang the words!"

"Yes, *mia querida,* and to-morrow we will publish the banns."

Juan and Tomás waited long for Benito and Carina, for they knew the heart of the man who led them. They did not learn that Carina had won, until the banns were announced upon the following morning.

The marriage of the sweet singers was the crowning event of the fiesta.

The bells rang, the dusty old ruins were made glad with wild blossoms, and blessings were freely offered for the happiness of Carina, and for the future glory and resurrection of San Juan Capistrano Mission.

"Speak again, O Voice! Come again, O Light!
And wash away the silence of the Night."

The Ride of the Neophytes

THE RIDE OF THE NEOPHYTES

HIE! hie there! awake, ye sons of the Mission!
He is gone! He is gone! Our Padre is gone!
Rise, men, and ride as you never have ridden!
We will capture the thieves and take back our own.
The night is far spent, but our horse-flesh is steel!
Mount, then, and away!”

Thus shouted a stalwart, lithe Indian boy
When he learned the Republic’s decree was enacted,

That good Father Peyri of San Luis Rey
Had been torn from his slumbers and hastened to Spain.

With concerted arrangements and craft beyond credit,
Echéandia ordered a messenger sent
To each of the twenty-one Missions.
Each band to arrive at the same hour of night,
Without warning to quietly snuff out the Light
Of Redemption,
And claim the broad lands, the great herds, and vast wealth
Through preemption—
The priests to be taken and sent back to Spain,
Their flocks cast adrift and disbanded,
Each neophyte given a wee bit of land

To work and to eke out existence;
The grand Mission walls to be carelessly left
For ages to seam into beauty,
With picturesque chisel the sun, wind, and rain
Make glorious ruins to Mexico's shame.

Heaven's festoon of stars watched o'er the Mission
Where trusting, confiding, and peaceful there slept
A thousand bold hearts
Who unwittingly let their Padre be stolen,
Because in their slumbers they knew not the
Father was taken.
One watchful neophyte heard faint muffled sounds
As of one approaching in secret;

Then silence a while.
When the well-beloved voice of his Master arose
On the midnight air in a tear-laden prayer
And a pure benediction.
Stunned into inaction, the ignorant boy lay
With wide-open eyes in the darkness.
Could it be that the Padre was leaving for aye?
Were the fast-flying feet of the horses a
Mournful reveille that echoed farewell?
Not daring to rise till the first rays of dawn,
He then tremblingly rose and looked for the Padre:
He was gone, and all his belongings.
The true loving heart had aright read the mystery,
The whispered instructions, "Take back the Padre."
The boy ran as one wild through the village;

RIDE OF THE NEOPHYTES

He shouted, he called, "To the rescue!
He is gone, our loved one! Our Father's been taken!
Mount and away!"

In far less time than it takes here to tell it,
One hundred excited men were in action,
One hundred dark faces, set and defiant,
Guided one hundred stout hands in tightening cinches,
While one hundred brave hearts were vowing to bring
Back the Padre.
The clinking of bits and the creaking of leather
Were sounds that denoted the speed of the rider.
The neophytes pressed themselves close to the saddles,

Lay prone on their ponies and patted their necks
With caressing and loving affection,
They impelled them to fly, to speed to the rescue,
"On, on! Our Father, our Padre's in danger."
With nostrils wide spreading the lithe ponies weighed
Toward the ground in mighty exertion.
Ten miles were passed, and the thick cloud of dust
Had no time to repose on the neophytes'
Shoulders, as they sped in their flight to the shore
To recapture, to take back, the core of the Mission.
Ten more were passed and the faintest took courage.

RIDE OF THE NEOPHYTES

The bright morning sun now stood high in the east;
The Indians sped on in silent distress.
Could they make it?
Could the Padre be rescued and all flee to the mountains?
Fierce thoughts arose:
They would carry the Padre back to the
Gay hunting-ground,
Where no one could find them, the Father in safety.
Fierce affection cried out, and from time to time
Found expression,
"They robbed us; he is ours. The heartless deceivers!
They gave him and then have retaken."
A fierce yell as of yore, "Ha, hie to the shore!

Rescue our Padre and take back our own."
Then snorting and blowing and fast-flying feet
Told the grand effort that horse-flesh was making.

Embarcadero Diego d' Alcala
Lay far to the southwest of San Luis Rey,
And to that port had Spain's highway marauders
Taken good Father Antonio Peyri.
The *Pocahontas* lay out in the bay;
Already her anchor was weighing.
On deck stood the Padre in anguish of heart,
In tears unrestrained and unnoticed,
His thoughts with his Mission, his heart with his God,
He silently prayed for forgiveness and strength
To be reconciled now to departure.

RIDE OF THE NEOPHYTES

Without murmur or plaint, in silent farewell,
With sorrow and saintly submission
The good Father meekly bowed his gray head
In concession to man.

The full rays of sun lined the hills in the east,
And revealed to the Padre a thick cloud of dust
On El Camino Real of the Mission.
He watched it, but saw not; his heart lay beyond it.
The clank of the anchor chain fell on the air;
The good Padre shuddered and leaned toward the rail
As the huge vessel kissed the waves of the ocean.

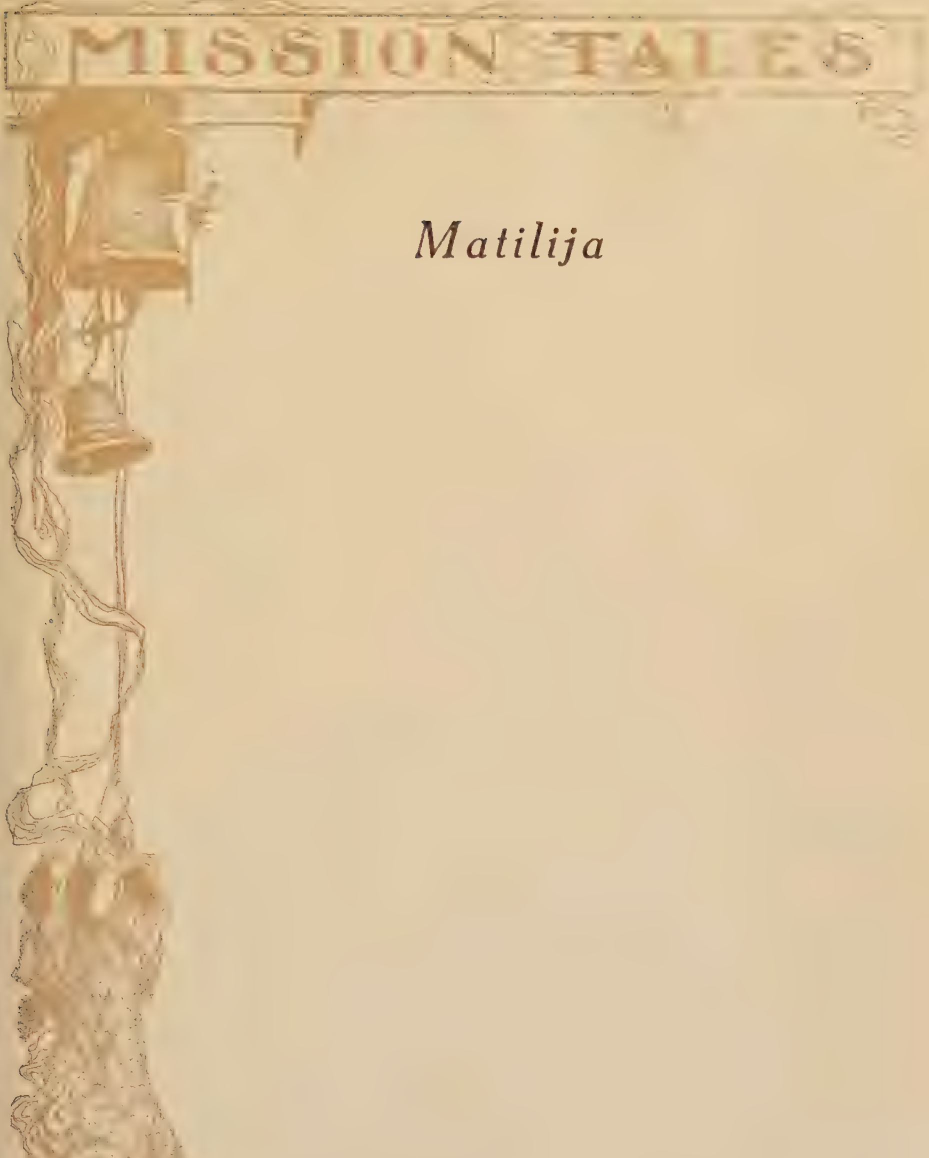
Now his eyes saw again the dust on the road,
And he heard a faint cry as if children were
Wafting an angel's good-bye in the morning.
The sound grew in volume; the dust formed to riders;
A shout rent the air that made the crew tremble.
Wild Indians they, who rode like the demon,
They bent to the saddles, lay flat on their ponies,
They shrieked and they cursed like the wildest of heathen,
Unmindful of all, save the unanchored vessel.
Down to the waters leaped uncontrolled horses:
But the riders' wild fury was spent in the Vision before them.

Wild Indians They, Who Rode Like the Demon

Padre Antonio Peyri stood on the deck
Of the slow-moving vessel. His face shone
With resplendence,
Heaven's glory reflected direct through the
Rays of the sun.
With hands extended in mute benediction
He calmed the turbulent souls of the men.
Dismounting, they knelt on the shore of the ocean,
The dark bending forms told well to the Padre,
"Thy work is complete."

Two boldest young hearts sprang free from their horses,
And plunged through the surf to go to the Father;

The waves tossed them back upon sharp, cruel rocks,
Where the bodies were bruised. And with hearts fairly broken
They were rescued and cared for by fondest of brothers
Whose warm breath and quick knead, coaxed them back into life.
These two Indian boys, Agapito and Pablo,
Followed the Father back unto Rome,
Where they studied and gained erudition.
Years slowly rolled by.
Those neophytes came yet again to the Mission,
And now preach the gospel in San Luis Rey,
In the place of the true revered, most beloved
Of all Fathers,
The sanctified Padre Antonio Peyri.



Matilija

MATILIJA

IN the upper canyon of the Ojai Valley, "the Indians' nest," Chief Matilija had long ago built his lodge, and there he and his people of many tribes and sub-tribes dwelt in freedom, harmony, and happiness.

The Matilija canyon was grown dense with sycamore, cottonwood, oak, elder, and willow trees; and the steep walls stood upright a thousand feet above a sloping, broken wall of crumbling quartz that supported straggling patches of brush and white sage. The fissured walls sent forth numerous springs of sparkling,

delicious water, and down the bed of the canyon raced the white foam-steeds of the mountain storms on their course to the great Pacific, fifteen miles away. By the side of warm healing springs of sulphur and other minerals, lived the Matilijas ever since their forefathers had travelled from the far east that they might live in the land where the great red sun sank into the sea; that time was so long ago it was not known to any seer of the tribe.

From the surrounding hills and mountains the Indians gathered abundant stores of herbs and nuts to keep their caches always full to bursting; over the hills roamed great herds of deer and antelope; and plenty of small game, such as squirrels, gophers, coyotes, raccoons, and skunks, as well as birds and fishes,

were there for their use. From the plains beyond they brought the large locusts and grasshoppers, which they snared in their nets and baskets to be later impaled on the ends of sharp sticks and toasted by the great campfire, while they told the stories of the chase and the gathering. Among their choicest delicacies were buttercup seeds beaten into flour, or young tender shoots of the yucca and stalks of the wild rhubarb; they had wild cherries and elderberries and the small gray *chia* seed of the thistle plant.

In their freedom and plenty they were happy and comfortable. They did even justice one to another, for their standard of honesty and charity was high. They worshipped the Sun as a Great Spirit that watched carefully

over them; they revered their elders and captains, and the children obeyed their parents. They mourned for their dead, and buried rarely beautiful baskets with them as tokens of regard and as material assistance to the departed in the unknown land whither they traveled.

To-day the tribe of Matilija sat watching in unquiet rest. Many of their people had been enticed away to the Mission below at San Buenaventura, and many more had been lassoed and hauled thither, while they struggled and pleaded for their freedom.

Their watch at the Mission had sent word that another raid was about to be made, and that he would send further particulars. He advised that the chief should station swiftest runners to carry the message, that the tribe

might not this time be taken wholly unawares, for the soldiers would come on fast horses.

Quietly and unceasingly they watched the mouth of the canyon to catch the first glimpse of any who entered. On the top of the hill above them the outwatch sprang to his feet shouting: "He comes! he comes! he comes like lightning!"

"Clear every cache, bury every acorn, every *chia*, all *spat'lum,* all meat,—leave not one thing for the pale-faced thieves and robbers to destroy!" cried the chief.

As he uttered the last word, the runner's shout was heard as he called, "They come, they come! Fly, fly, fly! Here come soldiers, *vaquero!* They come like she-devils! Lose no time!"

When he entered the camp he repeated carefully the message given to him by the last runner; it was the order given by the Padre to the captain of the twenty dragoons: "Take much, and if necessary stay long. This time hunt them unto death; they shall do no more harm—these rebellious heathen."

In the name of Christ, how could such things be? But they were even so.

When each hunted Indian had hastily gathered food, skins, and water gourd, they scattered like a flock of frightened quail with only the mother cry, "Come, child, come!" to be heard from among them. A few small caves proved shelter for those who could reach them; the youths ran and sought out vantage places to pick off with poisoned arrows such of the

riders as dared follow them. The camp-fire still smouldered when the soldiers rode through the upper canyon and halted at the last lodge of the tribe.

"And so the red devils are gone again. Well, each man to a bush, and let us beat out their brains or lash them to our saddles. That's your order!" Relentlessly and mercilessly the squad of soldiers carried out that order. For days they beat every bush and battered each hollow tree or poked under every projecting rock; here and there they tracked women and children, who through helplessness and fatigue gave up the struggle and were corralled to be sent down to the Mission. One by one the men were taken or killed; and after a week's hunting and scouting the twenty sol-

diers had captured almost the entire remnant of that proud and once numerous tribe whose only fault was to want their freedom.

In revenge for these oft-repeated raids, the Indians had sometimes taken beef cattle and aided other Indians to escape the Mission thraldom. They had been accused of rebellion and assault on the Mission. Be that as it may, no assault by the Matilijas could compare with this hunting and slaying of these defenseless people. More than two-thirds of the entire band were killed, and all women and children that could be found were taken captives to the Mission. Each soldier returned with a squaw tied to his saddle and with children, too small to walk, lashed to the horses; and in front were herded and driven the rest

of the subjugated and frightened creatures. One, two, and even three trips and assaults were made.

Each time when the soldiers left the canyon to return to the Mission with their pitiful freight, the few that had escaped capture or death came back to the valley and buried the dead. Carefully they searched for the bodies, and when found they tenderly carried them far up the mountain-side by way of stone steps that had long been hewn in the solid rock and then allowed to be overgrown with vines lest some stranger should find the burying-place of their dead. When the last body of their slain had been raised to the secluded little spot, the mourners prepared for the burial. Moaning and wailing could be heard throughout the entire

night; the second and third nights the same; and then the friends reverently folded the hands over the breasts, wrapped the dead in their windings, and bound them from head to foot—ready for rest. They dug for them graves and tenderly laid them therein; then they brought seeds and baskets from the hidden storehouse below and placed them also within the graves; finally they filled in the graves and returned to their hiding-places.

Matilija's daughter escaped the first raid, but was captured on the second one. She pleaded and begged for her freedom, and the soldiers almost yielded to her cry; but the captain heard, and saw, and ordered the proud beauty to be lashed to the guard and immediately despatched to the Mission.

MATILIJA

Some say it was four years that the Indian girl dwelt at Mission San Buenaventura. She was studious, and learned much that was useful and well for her to know. She greatly enjoyed the new fruits of the garden—the apples, pears, plums, and figs; and daily she pleaded to be allowed to tend the young plants and herbs, that she might breathe the free air of the open and drink the mist of the sea.

She could sing like a bird, but here at the Mission no one ever heard her voice; like a captive bird she was silent. Her one great desire and longing was for freedom.

She heard no tidings of her father or of her lover, and she gladly spent the long weary time in these new occupations, that she might forget, and also that the Padres might forget

that she was restless and longing for the hills. For she intended to go. She did not even know whether her father and lover lived; she only knew that they had not been brought to the Mission.

Many husbands were offered her by the Padres, but she contemptuously declined all. She did her duty, and they could demand nothing further. However, she found that the only possible way of escape lay in becoming a "trusty," and though the process was slow, the time as it passed otherwise was slower. She became more studious and even religious, and lastly she entered the choir. There she sang and led the singing; and when the *Miserere* was chanted by the beautiful Indian girl, even the Padres felt that the lament was too heartfelt

to be all religious, and would forthwith become more watchful lest the bird should take flight.

One day a Matilija youth lingered near the door of the chapel, and as his chief's daughter passed he whispered a word to her that brought crimson blushes to her face and then left it the color of ashes.

"They live, I have seen them," he said.

Her one look of gratitude repaid the boy for his nights of swift running and for the many lashes he had received for his wilful and persistent absence from the Mission when sent on errands; but his peculiarly earnest repentance had each time gained his reinstatement as messenger. Also he was the swiftest of runners, and the Padres could not well dispense with his services. They never knew that it

was he who carried the fatal message to the Matilijas. And now she, the daughter and sweetheart, knew that her father and her lover lived and awaited her coming. Many days passed ere the boy had an opportunity to tell her that they were still in the Ojai, "the nest," not far from the spring.

The Indians never willingly leave their buried dead and travel too far away for the departed spirits to watch daily over their lives and guide them in their trials and be with them in their joys. For this reason the new camp of the remaining few Matilijas was near the spring and also near their burying-ground—the spring that had for centuries given their forefathers life and health, and the burial plot where the spirits of their dead kept watch.

Weeks followed before the girl found the gate of the quadrangle ajar and the night dark enough for her to pass without being detected. The hour for all neophytes to be in bed was far past, and the girl walked quietly out as if sent on a mission. Her escape was not discovered until her voice was missed from the morning music.

When the Mission Indians learned of the girl's flight, there was a rebellion so fierce and so serious that not one soldier might be spared from the Mission to look for the fugitive. The Indians could not help her otherwise, but in this they gave her God-speed, and thus she had the advantage of several days wherein to make good her escape.

For two days she wandered over the hills and

through thickets, avoiding the trails and yet searching for some sign of Indian camps. She subsisted upon seeds and herbs, but thirst kept her near certain places; and not until the evening of the third day, when sitting against a fallen tree on the mountain top weary and thirsty, did she close her eyes to rest and consider the outcome of her flight. How long she sat, she knew not, but when her eyes opened she beheld in the canyon beneath her a small campfire with white curling smoke as if just lighted.

Arising, she said: "I will go to the camp, whether they be friend or foe." As she cautiously neared the fire, a face was outlined against the glow, and she immediately recognized her father, and ran with outstretched arms, crying, "I have come, I have come!"

Her lover was there, as a son to her father, for all of her brothers were dead.

She told of her life at the Mission, and especially the persistence with which they entreated her to take a husband, offering first, her choice of the Indians, then of the soldiers; even Mexican Dons had been considered by the zealous Padres, but to all the commands and entreaties she had one reply—no.

Her father arranged at once for her marriage with the choice of her heart, for there was nothing now left for Chief Matilija but the happiness of his returned daughter. Feeling themselves somewhat secure in the little secluded spot, they prepared for the dance and festivities that form the marriage ceremony. Gifts from the few members of the families

of each of the contracting parties were exchanged. Seeds and money were showered.

The bride was gallantly and lovingly raised in the strong arms of her nearest relative, and he danced toward the lodge of the bridegroom, while the overjoyed father scattered seeds before the girl, that happiness and plenty might follow her always.

They sang and they danced, and the little procession was well-nigh at the door of the lodge, when a volley of musketry fired from the mountain-side mowed down the entire party save Matilija's daughter. The Indian brave bearing the girl received a bullet and fell, covering her completely with his robe. Before the soldiers gained the little camp the girl had disappeared; yet they knew that they had seen

her, and were loath to return without her or to give up the chase. Night coming on, they were compelled to depart; and when the last sound of retreating footfalls was ended, the girl came from beneath a projecting rock and began to search among the victims for any signs of life. No one moved, and with awe-stricken heart she bent over the beloved form of her father; alas, his brave soul had passed into the great beyond. From one to another the lonely girl passed until she came to her lover. She knelt down beside him, softly crying, "Cocopah, my beloved, my husband." Though he did not hear her, she saw that he was alive, but with a ghastly and terrible wound in his side.

She soon found that he was the only one

living. She gathered him in her arms and carried him a short distance; again she carried him, and again, and again. Thus she placed him on the crest of the hill, where she could watch for any returning soldiers, and where he would be safe should they come. She brought hot and cold water from the sulphur springs below, that their healing gift might restore him. In the ever stilled and hushed camp below she found a small bundle of *yerba mansa* to bind to the wound; she gathered the great *datura* blossoms, that the loss of blood should be balanced by their stimulant power. In the morning she searched amid the tall grasses for the bright little pink flower, the *canchelagua,* that it might aid her with its cooling powers to allay the fever that had come. Carefully

she watched over him and soothed him, but he died; and with his spirit went the love dream of the fairest of all the Matilija maidens.

Years passed, and a stranger mounted the hill to gather the great white blossoms that crowned the crest. He found that they guarded the grave of two lovers. Kind nature had woven the choicest of shrouds about the young form of the brave Indian girl. The wealth of the blossoms enveloped the sleeper, and no irreverent hand dared to pluck them away, lest the fair soul reflected in the white poppy leaves should flee from the earth and leave barren the Ojai, the fair nest. So, even so, the footsteps of the stranger retreated and left Matilija's Poppy like sweet silent music to guard the flower-rimmed grave.

MISSION TALES

Concepcion Aguello

CONCEPCION ARGUELLO

IN the great bleak land of Ah-lak-shak, where the White Spirit clothes the earth in snow for more than three-fourths of the long, dreary time; where the people dwell in huts made of eternal snow, and line the huts with skins of the seal and otter in order to shield their children from the harsh touch of the White Hand,—in this land there came one winter longer and more bleak than all other winters.

The blubber and the whale-oil, the sea-lion, the dried salmon, and the game flesh were all gone. The worthless dog had long since paid

its tribute to the vampire Want, and even the pet family dog had passed along the same road. Hunger and starvation dulled the little sense of humanity that those people of the frozen region ever had, and many were the human bones to be seen bleaching on the vast snow-fields; and who can say whether these as well as the family pets had not been gnawed clean and white ere they found their last resting-place upon the snow. Such were the conditions in the winter of 1805-06 in the inland of Alaska, and little better, indeed, were the conditions at the seaport of the isle-bound bay of Sitka.

Here the great Russian Fur Traders' and Seal Catchers' Company had its headquarters. Here many a strong man, this winter, chased the gaunt forms of Death and Starvation as

they stalked hand in hand about the village, plying without pity their hideous trade; sometimes Crime or Murder induced the men to turn aside and help Death to catch his victims.

One man alone watched these terrible scenes with a set, determined face. He vowed that permanent relief should come ere another winter, or he would die in the effort to bring it. This man was Nikolai Petrovich Rezanof, Chamberlain to the Czar and plenipotentiary of the Russian American Company. In June of 1805, Prince Rezanof had come to Sitka to investigate the general conditions of the country. The lack of all comforts for the people and the uncertainty of a proper food supply were matters of deepest concern to

him. Two provision ships had failed to arrive in port. One had been wrecked, and the other was long overdue.

The summer passed, and the long winter closed in early. Cold was followed by bitterest cold, and storm after storm shut the colony off from outside assistance; daily strong men were dying of scurvy, exposure, hunger, and want; and the little colony grew rapidly less and less, until it numbered scarce two hundred, with the provisions reduced to such a degree that there was only enough left to feed them for a few weeks.

When matters were at this desperate pass, the little ship *Juno*, an American vessel, under the command of Captain Wolfe, came into port, and Governor Baranof gladly purchased

the entire cargo, paying eight thousand dollars therefor; but he would probably have paid double that amount, or, nothing loath, would have confiscated all, had there been any disposition on the captain's part not to dispose of his cargo, so great was the distress.

Immediately the little ship was turned back into the troubled waters of the Pacific, its nose turned southward, with the port of Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) as its destination. This idea of going to ask help or seek trade of the Spaniards of California was like going to sea in a tub,—it carried the same uncertainty of success, the same assurance of danger. For the law of the Spaniards of the Pacific forbade all trade with foreigners. But, loaded with an alluring cargo of furs, Rezanof and his

faithful companion, Dr. Langsdorff, set sail in the *Juno*, and in the teeth of the biting winter wind struggled south toward the land of sun and flowers.

The Russians having long contemplated establishing a post in California, Prince Rezanof decided that now was an opportune time to make the preliminary investigations. The privations and sufferings of this winter determined him to take this immediate step toward permanent relief. During the long and trying voyage he laid his plans. While he himself should conduct the exchange of the cargo for provisions, he intended that a party should be landed at Bodéga Bay, a port well known to pirates and chance whalers, there to establish a post, if the conditions were possible. Bodéga

was separated from Yerba Buena by hostile Indians, as well as mountainous land.

At Yerba Buena the Spaniards had long expected the advent of the Russians, the famous navigators who had rounded the world. They often spoke of the Russian fleet, the Russian squadron, when it should sail into the bay of Yerba Buena on a complimentary and friendly visit; so who of these would have thought that the little white sails of the *Juno,* as it defiantly ran past the guns of the fort, bore the much vaunted Russians to the western port of New Spain? Made bold by desperation the *Juno* dropped anchor only when clear of the Spanish guns, and then silently waited to be received. The reception was akin to the land the ship hailed from—cold and bleak.

The pomp-loving Spaniards were disappointed. Young Alferez Luis Argüello, son of the Commandante of the port, with an escort came down to the shore, and after a most formal interview and impromptu explanation on the part of Rezanof as to the size of the "fleet," an invitation was extended to the Russian envoy and his officers to dine at the presidio.

Even the great stress of need did not cause the Russian diplomat to broach the subject of trade or colony upon this visit, nor the next, nor for many thereafter, as it was more than evident to Prince Rezanof that the Spanish feared an encroachment either upon their trade or their possessions. Scheme as he might, Rezanof could not break the barrier of prohibited traffic. The Governor at Monterey, the

Commandante of the presidio, and the priests of the Missions would none of the Russians' cargo; nor would any of the parties sell sufficient food-stuffs for Rezanof to obtain the much-needed relief for his starving colony at Sitka.

Upon the first visit at the presidio, Prince Rezanof met the beautiful daughter of the Commandante, Concepción Argüello. As his efforts to interest the rulers diminished, his interest in Concepción increased. The clever Russian told the pious girl of the terrible scenes of starvation in the far-off country; he told her especially of the children's suffering. He told of little Alec, the eight-year-old child of a widowed mother.

"That mother, pain-racked by a dread dis-

ease, needed dainty nourishment; but instead she had but little of the very coarsest food. While she slept, little Alec added his portion to hers, and together they perished—she with disease, and he with hunger. On Christmas morning, when a few of the stoutest hearts went about the village crying, 'Christ has come! Christ has come!' and peered into each hut to give a Christmas greeting, they paused and called aloud to little Alec, for he was well known as Sitka's pet. But the men drew back in silence, for the mother and son lay clasped in the long embrace, and the angel of Death stood guard."

He told Concepción of poor Nika, the Indian girl, beloved by the Russian hunter, Michael.

"For weeks during the hard winter, hunter Michael trudged on snow-shoes over the vast beds of snow that he might help Nika, the Indian girl, whom he so dearly loved, and her parents and little sister. One day the hunter did not return, and that night a still more bitter, blinding, sweeping snow-storm than ever swept over this land of snow and storm, piling the great banks of merciless white until it was mountains high. No man could go after Michael. They knew that it would be weeks before he could return, and they doubted if even then he would leave Nika in her helplessness.

"The hardships of hunting and pioneering weld bands of friendship that endure. A week passed, and then another, and then four great

gaunt, raw-boned hunters started for Michael and his loved ones; and no one in the village was surprised when upon the third day they saw the little band coming over the snow-field carrying heavy burdens. Two bore the stiff bulky form of Michael, and the others bore Nika and the sister. They need not have burdened themselves with the frail lifeless form of Nika, but they could not leave her.

"The only sounds that were heard from the party were the crunching of snow under their feet, the quick short breath of the tired men, and now and then a sharp wail from the infant. It was this cry that had led the rescue party to the spot where their friend and brother lay with his sad burden.

"Arriving at Sitka, other hunters applied restoratives to Michael, and after rubbings and thawings and general drenching with hot liquors, he stirred, and, reaching out his hand, spoke the one word, 'Nika.'

"With the brusqueness of frontiersmen, they told him Nika was dead, and then all the strength of four men was taxed to keep him from beating his brains out against the floor upon which he lay. When he was exhausted and they could make him listen, they told him that the baby was there, alive and well.

"He made not another struggle, but arose and began at once to plan comfort for the child. He then told them how he had taken off his fur coat and wrapped it about Nika,

but while he carried her and the child she wound the coat about the little one and thus gave her life for her sister. The strong man never again spoke of Nika, but proved his love equal to hers by devoting his life to her sacrifice."

Rezanof saw yet another argument.

"When I came from St. Petersburg," he said, "I brought furnishings and ornaments for a church in Sitka, and even now the chapel is being erected. The foundation is that of a Greek cross; and though the exterior must of necessity, at this time, be crude and plain, the interior appointments shall be worthy the cause. Already the Emperor has given to us from his great storehouse of riches, appropriated to the cause of righteousness, many fine paint-

ings, vestments, and a chime of sweetest bells. How we long to hear them calling out over that sea of vast silence, turning the white quiet into coral hues of deeper thrill!

"The church bells, singing to the people of Al-lak-shak, recall the wandering Padres' labors among your thousands here in California. Those who cannot understand the great words of the teachers may look upon the beauteous pictures of the Madonna and the Child; all can understand that love.

"We shall have," he continued, "a great painting of the Last Supper; one all sparkling with jewels and inlaid with silver and gold—the Countess has promised us that; and one also of the Holy Madonna that shall wear a crown of real diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds.

"Though our land may now be worn with trials and starvation, the Divine Unseen will smooth down the road of trial and bathe our troubled cheeks with cooling sprays of heavenly joy, if we attend our sacred services and give plenteously to the Church."

The crafty Russian noted that the girl listened interestedly and well to the description of the progress of the Church in the ice-bound land, and with the keenness of his race and training, he argued like all who have a reason in so doing, that a great similarity exists between all Christian creeds or dogmas, and especially between those of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. He argued:

"Is it not the same Christ, the same cross of sorrow, and the same care and love for humanity

that we all believe in? And would we not all ask the intercession of the Holy Mother for pardon of our neglect and sins? My country, coming to Bodéga, will help your country to encircle the world with the shining cross, the emblem of salvation."

Tears of religious ardor sparkled in the girl's beautiful eyes; and who shall say whether it was the pleadings of love, of religion, or of pity for the suffering people of Sitka, that won the heart of this Spanish beauty? Certain it is that when Prince Rezanof sailed away, he carried with him the plighted troth of Concepción Argüello, the tacit permission to establish a settlement at Bodéga, and plenty of food for the relief of Sitka.

Five years later a permanent Russian set-

tlement was effected at Fort Ross on the Bay of Bodéga. Had the future held other than alluring promise for the two lovers, they would have been master and mistress of Little Russia, as the new station was sometimes called. But instead, Rezanof returned to Alaska with his ship of food and clothing, and after carefully preparing for the little colony's comfort and conferring with Governor Baranof concerning his new home, or "castle," and new storehouses and shipping-wharves, he prepared for the long journey back to St. Petersburg over the great bleak snow-fields of Russia that he had so vividly depicted to the tender-hearted summer flower of Yerba Buena. She had never seen the snow, and to her it was a pitiless shroud that enveloped the

northern country and wrapped itself about all travellers, whispering the one command—"Death!"

Long the girl waited for some tidings from Sitka or from Russia. A month passed, and then months sped into a year, and still no message came from her lover. Knowing and fearing the icebound north, the girl never doubted her affianced. But when a second year had crawled by, she dreaded the approach of a messenger, for her trusting heart harbored but one thought—the merciless snow.

Visitors came and went, and after the two years were spent, she ceased to make inquiry. One day a party with Kuskof, the Russian settler at Bodéga Bay, chanced to mention the name of Rezanof, and was told the story of

the plighted love of the fair Concepción and the Chamberlain to the Czar.

An officer asked to meet the sad-faced girl, and tenderly explained to her her lover's long silence, and told her of his fate.

"When our mission at Sitka was ended," he said, "we set out upon our journey home to St. Petersburg across the barren steppes of Siberia. Arriving at the little Russian trading station of Kloochay, that nestles at the foot of the mighty volcano, Kloochefskoi, Rezanof, tired and worn out with his long anxiety and great exertions, determined to remain at this beauteously situated village and enjoy the spring days that reminded him so well of California. Everywhere were flowers and varied vegetation, so different from the fields of ice that we had

left and from those which lay farther on our journey.

"Scarcely had the party decided to rest for a short time, when the ominous mutterings of the restless volcano gave warning that an eruption might occur. The night was illumined with a fiery glow that broke from the summit of Kloochefskoi, and the day was darkened by great black clouds of smoke that belched like mighty bursts of anger from the towering mountain-peak. We were terror stricken, and upon the second morning hastily continued on our arduous journey of six thousand miles across the barren waste. The terrors of the snow held no place beside the terrors of the rumbling Kloochefskoi.

"After many trials and difficulties we reached

Yakootsk and pushed on to Irkootsk. As the party proceeded, we discovered with great concern that Rezanof grew daily weaker and weaker, and no persuasion could prevail upon him to delay the journey or to exchange his horse for the dog-sledge. Day after day and week after week this determined man rode over the sterile, frigid steppes of Siberia, knowing only too well that if the fever came upon him he would be unable to continue, and there was no competent help to be obtained at any of the miserable little *yourts*, or huts, and our own emergency medicines had long been exhausted.

"The day came, however, when after an exceedingly exhausting and fatiguing ride Razanof was unable to proceed on the journey,

and for several days he lay battling with fever and weakness. However, as soon as he could sit on his horse, he insisted upon being placed in the saddle, and we proceeded upon that fateful three-months' ride. He was determined to carry back to the Czar the report of his investigations at Sitka, his project for a new station at Bodéga, and—what lay nearest his heart—to ask the consent of the Emperor to his union with you, my most honored lady, the Señorita Concepción Argüello of Yerba Buena.

"As our silent party rode along we failed to notice that Rezanof had dropped behind, until a halt was made to discuss the route, when his absence was discovered and the party immediately returned to find that the

enfeebled man had slipped from his horse and lay still upon the icy shroud of Siberia."

As the narrator ceased, Concepción knew that, only too truly, this sad message had long fluttered unceasingly toward her on the wings of dark-browed fate; but though her heart had well known the story, the words sounded harsh and petrified the blood. Her pathetic, silent sorrow touched the speaker, and it was some moments before he continued.

"We unclasped from about his neck this chain and locket; and not until I heard to-day of the betrothal did I know unto whom it belonged. I return it to you as a comforting assurance of his affection." So saying, he laid the token of love upon her outstretched hand, and quietly passed out of the apartment.

IN THE CHURCH SHE WAS KNOWN AS THE SWEET-FACED SISTER CONCHA

CONCEPCION ARGUELLO

What can be said in the face of such grief, and what can be said when the living are dead! Woman's heart knows the strength of affection, and when it is taken from her, the body bends as a tiny sapling to be whipped back into place by the power of will. The years of waiting had ripened her soul into hushed incense of music; and the mysterious sweetness of dream kisses had shaped her lovely lips to song ecstacy such as comes from heavenly choirs.

When the dread thought had been whispered in words and the chill shiver had passed, Concepción stilled her love dream with Death's message, and with a quiet spirit of resignation she turned to the Church. Here she found consolation, and when her parents strove

to interest her in the world, she sought more closely the refuge of the sanctuary. After a prolonged sojourn in Mexico and a return to Yerba Buena, she visited Santa Barbara, and there became interested in the charitable and educational work of the Church, and at the request of the Padres took charge of the school for young girls that was conducted under the management of the Mission.

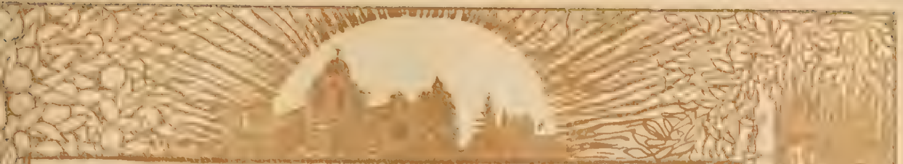
Her duties called her many times to San Buenaventura and Carpinteria, and on one of these journeys she carried as a riding-whip a fresh twig of the Mission grapevine. One of her devoted pupils of the latter place asked her for the riding-whip, and the sweet-faced Sister Cóncha, as she was now known, smilingly gave it.

The girl planted the twig, and like the broad-spreading, gentle influence of the pious Sister, the grapevine thrived and spread its sweeping branches, until to-day it is one of the largest single grapevines in the world.

Years passed, and Sister Cóncha became Abbess of the convent, and later returned north to live again upon the shores of her beloved bay of Yerba Buena. This time, however, she took up her abode at the little village of Benicia, where to-day she rests in the sombre silence of the tomb.

MISSION TALES

The Story of Little Rossiya



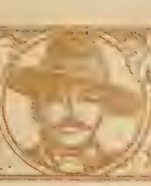
THE STORY OF LITTLE ROSSIYA

IT was the third attempt of the Russians to establish a colony in New Albion; so when the neat brig *Chirikof* cast anchor in the Bay of Rumiantzof—now known as Bodéga—there was rejoicing on the part of Ivan Alexandrovich Kuskof, in whose charge the expedition came, and little less cheer on the part of the ninety-odd convicts and eighty Aleuts who were sent to assist him in the enterprise. This was in March, 1811. The site for the new town had been selected by Prince Rezanof in

1806, and was well known to the Indians as Mad-shui-nui.

It was some eighteen miles up the coast from the only safe landing-place, and it commanded a view of unsurpassable beauty as well as undeniable safety; and, because of the latter quality, the Russian had purchased it by barter from the Indians, thereby settling for all time the question of occupation, so far as the natives were concerned. Kuskof paid to the chief of the Mayacmas three blankets, three pairs of Russian breeches, two axes, three hoes and a quantity of beads for the town site and for the tillable land adjacent to the hills upon which the future fort was to be established.

The Aleuts were sent out in their bidarkas to hunt for seal and otter, while the con-



victs, under the direction of twenty-five mechanics, cut and prepared timber for the buildings. For a month the sound of the axe and the heavy thud of the falling monarchs of the forest were new thrills to the mountainsides that sent loose rocks tumbling to the gulches, that they too might take voice and action in the new enterprise.

The site selected was a succession of three small mesas, one above another, the lowest one ending in an abrupt cliff about one hundred feet above the sea. Two deep gulches enclosed this semicircle, and the height above the background was a crowning mass of dense ancient redwood, sending towering spires up into the very skies. From the summit a timber chute sent the felled redwoods to the last

mesa below, where Kuskof intended to build the fort. By September the buildings were ready for dedication and occupancy. The tenth of that month being the name-day of Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, these rough men of the frontier held a picturesque service of song and feast, and ended the festival by dedicating the fort as "Little Rossiya"—meaning "Little Russia." As each year passed, buildings were added to "Little Rossiya," until the village became known far and wide as Fort Ross.

Kuskof, the agent of the Russian Fur Company of Alaska, took pride in his village. He surrounded it with a stockade defense twelve feet in height; built a block-house in one corner and a chapel in the other—both used as towers of defense with mounted can-

non, the fort containing from fifteen to forty pieces of artillery. Outside the stockade on the mesa were the huts for the Aleuts and natives; there were granaries, workshops, stockyards, and an immense windmill and bath-house.

There was but one entrance to the stockade, and but one approach from the sea. This was by way of stairs cut in the rock, with an iron hand-rail leading down to the boat-landing; therefore any traveller coming by sea must mount the stone steps that led to the entrance gate, and any one coming by land must finally reach the same gateway. A few straggling huts were to be found down in the gulches, but the paths led from these also again to the gate.

Kuskof spent many interested years within the quaint walls of Fort Ross, with only business and mild pleasures to divert him. His coming to the Bay had made great consternation among the Spanish settlers at Yerba Buena (San Francisco), but his going gave little concern. It was not until a beautiful woman came to dwell at Little Rossiya that the Spaniards took note of the Fort and interchanged many social compliments.

"A princess has arrived at Fort Ross!"

"She is beautiful, she is vivacious, she is grand!"

"*Muy bien*—very well—we will go." And such was the sentiment of the entire country.

Prince Alexander Rotscheff had brought his lovely bride, the Princess Hélène de Gaga-

rin, to live at Fort Ross. The coming of the courtly woman, with her train of attendants and her sumptuous wedding wardrobe, gave life to the Fort and to the surrounding Spanish settlements, such as had never been known.

General Valléjo of Sonoma and his cultured family eagerly welcomed the Princess and her merry court. The rides through the forest and along the sloping banks of the Russian River, over the uplands between the hills that lead to the rich Sonoma Valley, where the wild flowers carpeted the land and sent out their sweet fragrance, were the prime joy and pastime of these Russian lovers.

Many were the visits to the hospitable rancho of Sonoma Valley, and many the invita-

tions to festivals and fandangos, where the bride's wealth of blond loveliness cast charming contrast on the dark radiance of the Spanish beauties.

Many a time the fair stranger was bathed in cologne showers and covered with fine gold and silver bits from a dozen *cascarones* that were broken and flashed over her. She soon embraced the fiesta spirit, and she herself and her companions prepared and brought filled egg-shells and uncorked scent-bottles, and joined in the merry game of carnival joy.

Princess Hélène led the contradance, the stately minuet of the Spanish ball, and with the same flush of youth listened to the verses and dances of "Los Camotes," "Las Pollitas," or "La Jóta," as they who danced in the gay

crowds without, and even laughingly sang with the chorus of "El Sombréro Blánco"—

¿ "Quieres que te ponga mi sombréro blanco?
¿ Quieres que te ponga mi sombréro azul?
¿ Quieres que te siente mi vida, en un trono?
¿ Quieres que te cante el turun, tu, tun?"

and announced that she would forego the crown and take the white hat.

This care-free, fun-loving Princess took delight and interest in everything. She applauded the perfect execution of the "Jarabe," as some ancient dame pattered with her feet so swiftly and so deftly for such a length of time that even the fair patroness was wont to cry, "Enough!" She herself would shower the dancer of the "Son" with pieces of gold and silver when the glass of water was presented

to her, which the pretty dancer had carried upon her head while she trailed the silken hobble from her ankles to her knees and back again.

She loved the gay, picturesque costumes of the new country, and the open court of the patio. She loved the wealth of Castilian roses of delicate pink mingling with the pure white of the many lilies, as they twined and clustered over the singing fountain and in and about the pillars and arches of the spacious quadrangle or the sequestered family patio. The visit ended, Hélène and the dashing Rotscheff would return to their aerie in the pines, carrying back with them gay companions of the warm Southern blood, there to make merry in the quiet fortress of the hill.

STORY OF LITTLE ROSSIYA

To-day Little Rossiya was gala in its quaint dress of bright Russian banners, pennons, and flags, intermingled with the golden yellow and crimson red of Spanish colors; for the Princess had arranged a boat-race of bidarkas to take place while the sea was calm, just below the great stone steps. The crude stairway was covered with magnificent skins of the polar bear, and the entire one hundred and sixteen steps were filled with Russian and Spanish maiden beauty.

Hélène's golden head seemed the crowning bit of glory. The girls laughed and sang, while the Aleuts paddled their seal boats into line; and when a sharp crack rang out over the sea, the bidarkas sprang forward, and a shout of encouragement arose from the top of

the mesa, where the men covered the open space and clung to the crags for an advantage.

The course was short, and the races were repeated until the spectators were tired. To each winner money was thrown by one of the bright beauties. When it came the turn of fair-haired Rosalie to toss the money to a swarthy-faced Indian, her foot slipped, and, despite the iron rail, she fell beneath it and went headlong into the sea. The height was not great, but she had not reached the water before the Indian; he carefully lifted her out of the waves and placed her upon the bidarka amid the cheers of the spectators. She waved her hand, and—as if it were part of the show—ordered that the bidarka be landed at the foot of the stone stairs.

Days and months passed but slowly. The long days of fog and winter rains, and the chill winds moaning through the giant trees above the fortress, made even these stoutest lovers pine for the gay warmth of Russian court life. After three years of isolation, Princess Hélène joyously contemplated a return to her home at St. Petersburg.

But an event occurred which caused greatest consternation. Among her many admirers, there was one upon whom the Princess had not counted, and of whom she did not know. Upon one of many visits to the hospitable rancho of Sonoma, her party met with a small band of Indian braves. At the head rode their chief, Solano, he who ruled all the many tribes and sub-tribes of the Sonoma Valley

and the mountains beyond. He was a powerful chief; a man of great valor and broad, noble mind. He was in truth Emperor of all these people. He had heard of the strangers of the Fort, and had many times exchanged and bartered foods and hides with them, but he never had seen this wonderful goddess, this fair-haired, pale-faced beauty.

Strange as the strangest freak of nature, the dark-skinned son of the forest loved at one sight the fair girl of the Fort. To him, desire meant possession. He knew no law superior to his own will; and though the strange passion seemed even to him a curious thing, he never thought of anything else than to satisfy his love and bring home to his lodge the new wife of his choice. All Indian

chiefs may possess as many wives as they wish; and when one sees a new face that attracts him, it is his privilege to have her brought to his home.

Of course, Chief Solano knew that the customs of the white-faced people were different. However, his passionate love for this beautiful jewel outweighed everything else. He could carry her off into the high mountains and hide her away from all searchers; and the fastnesses of his forest lair could be guarded by his faithful people so that no white man could enter the region and live. Such were his thoughts and desires; and to carry them out he called a council of all his sub-chiefs and told them his wishes.

A strong band of braves was to go with

him to the Fort and at night attack and set fire to the stockade and adjoining buildings. While the fire raged, he himself would capture and carry off Hélène, the fair-haired, silken shower of sunshine, the singing flower of his love. They would then flee with her to the heart of the Mayacmas forest, and each chief would set a watch to guard the approaches, allowing no stranger to pass through the mountains.

All seemed in readiness, and no one dared voice dissent to their chief. But all unawares there was a traitor heart in the council. Some said it was the very man of the bidarka, who had lost his blond girl of the sea; who, when he had asked to have the girl sent to him, had received a lash and a swift kick for reply.

And now that the chief merely wished an additional wife, all the Indians were willing to help him—and this heart rebelled. No matter who told, but the secret love and the planned attack, with all the details, were conveyed to the knowledge of General Valléjo.

The gallant General had held many councils with Chief Solano; and, though he knew that this matter was most delicate and most serious, he did not hesitate to despatch a courier at once to the Chief, asking him to come for an early interview at the Mission. Chief Solano, never dreaming that his project or his love could have reached the ear of his friend, the General, without hesitation delayed his attack on Fort Ross, and went to meet him.

With the delicate tact of a Spanish officer, the courteous General brought the Indian to acknowledge the strong friendship existing between the Indian tribes and the Spanish; he rehearsed the great strength of the army of Spain, and the still greater power of the army of Russia; he spoke of the number of ships and of men that each ruler could send into any country that opposed his laws or did great harm to his people. He diplomatically led the subject to the laws of each country, remarking that the Indian Chief took what he wished from his people, but that the Spaniard and Russian courteously sought permission of fair women even to pay them court; and not until the women were mentioned did Solano see that the General knew of his secret.

It took firm, persuasive insistence on the part of General Valléjo to convince the Indian Chief that for the good of his own people he must resign his claim for the Princess if he wished to enjoy the good-will of her nation. The attack was not made.

General Vallejo was loath to see his friends of Fort Ross depart for the distant land of the Great Bear; but he felt, as well as did Prince Rotscheff, that the fair Princess would be much safer within the walled court of St. Petersburg. So they went away, after casting two charming shadows on the stream of Spanish life in California.

The Penance Bell of Los Angeles

THE PENANCE BELL OF LOS ANGELES

I BAPTIZE thee and name thee Enríque Domingo Fitch," solemnly said Padre Menendez to the handsome young American kneeling before him.

And thus plain Henry became Don Enríque. For a whole year Henry Fitch had been seriously in love with the beautiful Doña Josefa, daughter of Joaquin Carrillo of San Diego; but as the ecclesiastical law of Nueva California forbade marriage with foreigners, American Henry decided to become Spanish Enrique and at the same time enter the Catholic Church by

way of a formal baptism, hoping that by so doing it would become easier for him to gain Josefa as his bride.

In truth, Henry's only sin seemed to be that of having been born to Beriah and Sarah Fitch of New Bedford, Massachusetts, instead of Beriah and Sarah Fitch of Nueva California. Henry's charm of manner and person had completely captivated the father and mother of his inamorata and likewise her cousin, Don Pio Pico, and the good Franciscan friar, Father Menendez. They all seemed to think that under the circumstances a little latitude in the law might be taken. Therefore, very quietly to be sure, a wedding was arranged, with the baptism and renaming as a preliminary feature, Alfredo Domingo Carrillo acting as godfather.

THE PENANCE BELL

To cheat the fun-loving people of New Spain out of a wedding feast and festival was indeed a serious matter, but whether it was the loss of the fun and entertainment or from a deeper motive that Governor Echéandia allowed his spectre of meanness to enter the wedding hall, no one now may say.

Upon the following evening, April 15, 1829, while the moon made the stars pale and distant, the hall of Carrillo's home was bright with the golden light of love and flowers, for it was gayly trimmed in trailing vines and fairly lined with roses and lilies, and the bride's beauty never shone out more perfectly. Her velvety eyes were half screened by the lace folds of her wedding veil; her silken skirts were the finest that the cargo of Don Enríque's trading vessel, the *Maria Estér*, could boast; the happy lovers stood before the good but timid priest ready to exchange the vow, "I will," when a man for whom they were waiting entered the room, advanced rapidly to within a few feet of the bridal couple, and with brusque manner and loud voice said: "In the name of the Governor I forbid the banns."

Was it for this they had waited? Was it possible that Alfredo Domingo Carrillo, godfather to the groom, was forbidding the marriage? Surely there was some mistake.

"You are mistaken, my brother," said Señor Carrillo, the father of Josefa; "by what right do you thus interfere with so solemn a service?"

"I am aide to the Governor, and my first duty lies with the State," replied the doughty

patriot. And no amount of persuasion on the part of the men, nor tears on the part of the bride, could alter the edict or gain the consent of the uncle to sign as witness for the ceremony.

Perhaps charming Josefa knew more of the subtle reasons for the interruption of the wedding than she cared at that moment to acknowledge, for it was a well-known fact that the Governor made his residence in San Diego, "because of the charms of the ladies," rather than in Monterey, the accredited capital of the country; and was not Josefa the most charming and most beautiful of all of the ladies of San Diego? Governor Echéandia had paid her marked attention and now Governor Echéandia was forbidding her marriage.

This man had a blacker and harder heart than the black rock Tosaut. But the wit of woman is quick at all times where her heart is concerned, for her wisdom trains with the blood of the heart; therefore, rather than submit to defeat by Echéandia this maid would seem to appear overbold with her well-nigh husband; so bending slightly toward him, with a rare twinkle in her eye, she whispered, "Why don't you carry me off, Don Enríque?"

On the following evening Don Enríque bade farewell to the Carrillos and his many friends, and with apparent regret he boarded his vessel and set sail. Both the *Vulture* and the *Maria Estér* left port, the former in command of Captain Barry, a firm friend of Captain Fitch. Passing the bluff of Point Loma,

the *Vulture* hauled on a stout wind to the west.

Echéandia was off his guard. As the moon melted into the sea, the goddess of Love spun webs over the eyes of the world, and soft nature was left to envelop the form of a swift-fleeing horse whose feet tapped the sand to the cadence of the love-laden heart that it bore. The horse carried double.

On the strand lay beached the captain's gig of a vessel, and only a moment was taken to wrap a serape close about the girlish form that was carefully lifted from Señor Pico's mount, and with a kiss and caress Josefa was given into the keeping of the Captain, and the stars twinkled delight as the boat skimmed over the water to meet the vessel that waited.

Don Enríque's care and concern for the good name of his future wife were shown by his taking passage on board the *Vulture* with Captain Barry; and of the invited wedding guests of San Diego only Barry was permitted to witness the finished ceremony. He called the curate Orrego of the little town of Valparaiso to complete the band that the demon Jealousy had all but clipped.

A year passed, and in July, 1830, Captain Fitch and his wife and son were anchored off San Pedro on board the *Leonor*.

Father José Sanchez, father superior of the Missions of California, resided at Mission San Gabriel, of which San Pedro was the port. Upon hearing of the arrival, or rather the return, of Captain Fitch with his wife, the

Padre sent a summons for them to appear before him as a vicar and ecclesiastical judge upon "charges most serious."

Captain Fitch replied to the summons by despatching his marriage certificate to the vicar for his inspection, and calmly sailed off to Monterey. Father Sanchez was not satisfied with the certificate; he preferred to doubt its authenticity, and despatched a further order for the arrest and return of the guilty party to San Gabriel for trial. Governor Echéandia had removed to Monterey, and was most pleased to execute the order of arrest. He went further: he ordered the husband and wife to be separated; he ordered the return of the Captain to San Gabriel, and the detention of the wife in Monterey, under

the care of Captain Cooper and his good wife.

Captain Fitch began manœuvering to delay both his departure and his trial. He claimed that he could not travel by land, and his ship was not ready to sail south. What man once a sailor can travel by land? And if a sailor has become a captain, the matter becomes more difficult to consider. So firmly convinced was Captain Fitch of his own disability to travel by land with the whole sea before him that he kept a series of despatches and communications passing between San Gabriel and Monterey, until finally he persuaded the several authorities to permit him to return by his own brig the *Leonor*. This point was severely contested by the worthy Fiscál, or Treasurer,

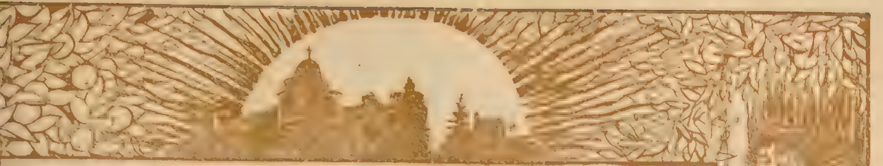
and he only consented to allow the departure by sea provided one Virmond gave surety or became bondsman for the culprit's due appearance at Mission San Gabriel.

As the Captain had extensive business along the coast, he took his good time between Monterey and San Pedro, stopping to trade at Santa Barbara and other points. Therefore, it was not until December that he was safely locked in a room in Mission San Gabriel.

During all this time the sweet Doña Josefa was planning how best to gain her release and change of venue. She wished to be separated from the close proximity of the Governor, the source and cause of all her trouble and annoyance. She persuaded Captain Cooper that it would be far better for her also to be at San

Gabriel, where they were to be tried for their offences, and she naively consented to be placed under the care of the good Doña Eulalia Perez, whom she had known from childhood, and who was the real working head of the Mission San Gabriel. Her arguments prevailed, and in November she arrived at the port of San Pedro on board the *Pocahontas,* and was carried to San Gabriel and placed under the charge of her erstwhile friend.

The Mission San Gabriel and its quadrangle of buildings made a beautiful picture. It appeared to nestle against distant hills, and neither stood out from the dim background nor entirely melted within it. It attracted the eye—this pink, yellow-gray of the little stone chapel crowned with dull-reddish tile and supported by



a bulwark of quaint buttresses relieved from monotony by a series of stone steps ascending from the outside to the choir-loft, which rested over the main entrance. The side entrance was more attractive than the main one; all else was lost in the beauty and charm of the tower of bells framed in adobe arches of sizes to suit the width of the bells. There were long rows of adobe and tule-roofed huts that spread about the Mission like an army, and were the homes of the hundreds of Indian workers.

The picture was perfect—but since then the chill hands of both temblor and tempest have touched rudely the charm and blighted the pride of all of the California Missions—San Gabriel Arcangel.

The weeks intervening between the arrival of Josefa and the coming of her husband were spent in rides over the valley and about the hills that comprised the extensive lands of the Mission. The girl noticed carefully the rich resources of the great holdings, for now she was the wife of a merchant trader. The great grants of land under the Mission's control extended along El Camino Real to Santa Gertrudis, and down to Santa Ana. They spread to Rancho La Puente and San Gorgonio; they included Jurupa, San Bernardino, and a portion of San Rafael.

Vast herds of cattle and horses roamed over these fields; great droves of swine, flocks of sheep and goats, showed plainly the source of the country's wealth, and from whence Don

Enríque could charter his load of hides for his return trip to Lima.

Aside from the hides and tallow that came from the stock, the extensive holdings produced from twenty-five to thirty thousand bushels of grain annually; and there were more than one hundred and fifty thousand vines in the four vineyards—little wonder that all the other Missions sent to San Gabriel for their supply of fine wine and brandy. More than two thousand fruit trees supplied fresh fruits to the ten hundred and more who inhabited and enjoyed the bounty of this station. The treasure store was under the watchful eye of Eulalia, who was cashier, receiving clerk, teacher, and "Master."

No goods came into the storehouse without

her examining the quantity and quality, and woe to the persons who tried to defraud honest Eulalia! They did it but once—the next time she refused to trade with them. San Gabriel was rich enough to be independent, and the market small enough to make traders careful. This wonderful guardian even helped to sort roots and dried herbs that were gathered for medicine. She passed on the *chamisal* that was used for the tea that cured colds and cramps and also was an antidote for poisonous bites; and she directed the Indian girls how to make the leaves of this precious herb into a curative salve. Her storehouse and medicine-chest contained every herb of California that was known to possess healing qualities. Gladly she gave Josefa bundles of *yerba santa* and *yerba*

mansa, that her baby might never suffer with sore throat or fever; she sent her of the Indian pink, that all bruises might be cured; and she even had a young Indian girl roast seeds of the wild cucumber and make a salve for the hair, to encourage its growth. To Josefa many of these remedies were new, for Eulalia had learned of their properties from the Indians, and, being always provident, she adopted all things that to her seemed good.

The day came for Don Enríque to arrive; the young wife saw him brought along the Mission road guarded like a pirate, and her heart sank, for their separation had been long and severe. She had but seldom heard from him; and now that he was at the Mission she was told that she would be removed from under

the care of Eulalia, as she was too near her captive husband. She was therefore transferred into the keeping of Mrs. William A. Richardson, who very gladly and kindly received the persecuted young wife and her child.

By this time the legal summons had been construed to read that "Captain Fitch, of the brig *Leonor,* is entitled to no concessions; that his offences are most heinous, and his intention evidently is to run away again."

The Fiscál, José Palomares, repeatedly summoned the guilty couple before the ecclesiastical court of San Gabriel. The case was argued from all possible standpoints, but the only tangible legal point lay in the validity of the marriage license, and they seemed not able to prove it other than valid. Therefore

the case finally assumed the form of shifting the blame for the arrest of parties without sufficient cause. The worthy Fiscál pronounced "Echeandia's act a gross infringement on ecclesiastical authority," declared him "a culprit before God's tribunal," and urged that "he be arrested and brought to trial."

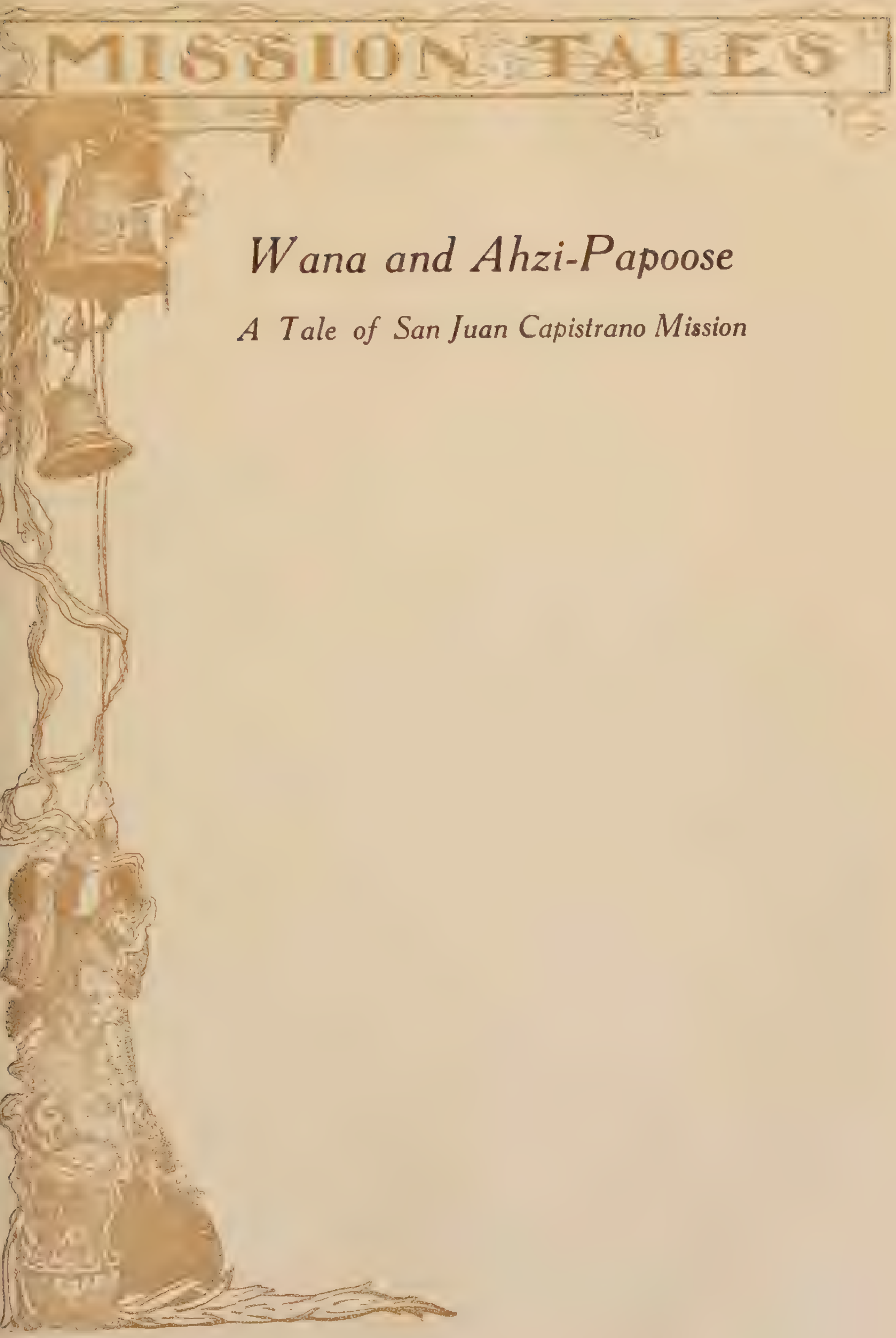
In this Padre Sanchez warmly concurred, but delayed making any arrest. Further, the learned Fiscál announced: "As for the marriage certificate of Don Enríque Domingo Fitch and Doña Josefa Carrillo, it is slightly torn and blotted; it includes no statement of the city or church where the ceremony was performed; the paper was neither legalized before three *escribanos*, nor *viséd* by the Chilian minister of foreign affairs. Moreover, P. Orrego, not being

the curate of the parties, could not marry them without a dispensation from the bishop. Therefore, this marriage was null and void. But," continued the learned and very wise Fiscál, "the motives of the accused were honest and pure, and it is my opinion that the matter may be settled without referring it to the bishop."

Following this decision came one rendered by the Padre of San Gabriel, who firmly believed in a law that would levy a tax on all breath drawn through American lungs, and it read: "*Christi nomine invocato*, the Fiscál has not substantiated his accusations; the marriage at Valparaiso, though not legitimate, is not null, but valid; I therefore order the parties to be set at liberty, and the wife given up to her husband; and that they be *velados* next Sun-

day, receiving the sacraments that should have preceded the marriage ceremony. Yet, considering the great scandal which Don Enríque has caused in this province, I condemn him to give, as a penance and reparation, a bell of at least fifty pounds in weight for the church at Los Angeles, which has only a borrowed one. And further, I command the couple to present themselves in church with lighted candles in their hands to hear high mass for three *dias festivos*, and recite together for thirty days one-third of the rosary of the Holy Virgin."

Let us hope the rosary was well and piously told. As for the bell, it rang penance for the Captain—was later removed from Los Angeles to Mission San Gabriel where it has long run out the Angelus to the faithful.



Wana and Ahzi-Papoose

A Tale of San Juan Capistrano Mission

WANA AND AHZI-PAPOOSE

A Tale of Mission San Juan Capistrano

ONE dreamy afternoon not long ago, old Antonio told us this story as he sat perched upon a barrel in front of the village store. We had asked many questions concerning the history of San Juan Capistrano, and he had answered them all with a readiness that bespoke knowledge and long residence. He had lived there for nearly sixty years, and knew many incidents of the days just succeeding the secularization of the Missions. He began:

"Those were hard days. Many of the In-

dians were starving, and the few priests who had remained were even worse off than the Indians, for they stood by and watched others eat what little there was left. The hot winds had blown many days from off the desert, and the young maize was parched and dying.

"An Indian girl stood looking far out toward the low hills, evidently watching for some person. It was Wana, beautiful Wana. She was a picture, and one that I shall never forget. It was the last time I saw her. Her figure was outlined against the bank of faintly visible hills, dimmed with dust; her thin, delicate hand shaded her eyes, and for full half an hour the girl stood like a bronze statue, and then she sobbed; it was half sob, half sigh, the saddest sound I ever heard. Wana had

Wana Stood Like a Bronze Statue

been the belle of San Juan Capistrano, and when, two years before, she chose José Ramon, the handsome half-breed, all of the young men in the village and at the Mission were wild with envy, and joined in the dance only that they might be near her. That is true. Wana cared only for José, and now for their papoose. She would call her baby 'Ahzi-papoose' in the most bewitching way, and then she would coo to it like a bird, and José would return the call. Why, they were more like two doves than human beings.

"Long in the afternoon she watched the hills. I could see that she was in distress, but when I approached her she moved away with that peculiar Indian reserve that repels all advances. Little Ahzi-papoose whined and fret-

ted, and Wana knew that it was from hunger, but she had nothing to give her. Wana had eaten nothing herself for days, for the food that had been given her for herself and the child had not been sufficient for the child alone.

"Poor Wana's heart turned in rebellion toward the priests who had coaxed her to leave the hills, where she had always had plenty, and come to live at San Juan Capistrano, where the sun baked the maize and the wind dried up the water. The forests were too far distant for her to go to gather nuts since little Ahzi came, and now José was away all the time, cutting timber. Wana wondered if she could reach the hills if she started when the shadows began to fall—and perhaps she would meet José and he would help to carry Ahzi-

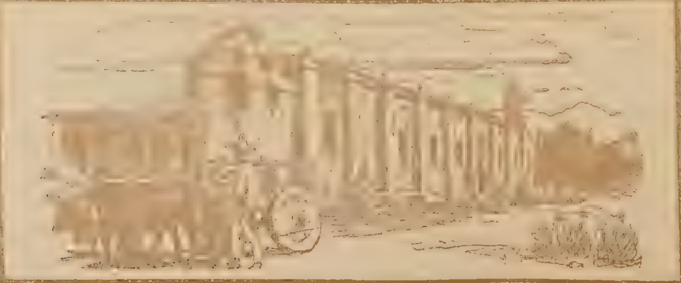
papoose, and together they could go back to the hills and find food and rest. Wana knew not that her weariness was weakness, for she had been ten years at the Mission, and only twice before had she been very, very hungry; but now she was always hungry. She told the Padre that she was hungry, and he looked pityingly at her, and said: ‘My daughter, the Lord give you strength to prevail, but I have nothing to give you.’ Great tears stood in Wana’s eyes as she sobbed forth a piteous appeal for only a handful of maize and some milk for Ahzi-papoose.

“The Padres had sent to San Luis Rey and to San Gabriel for help, but the grain had not come. Meantime, the Indians were restless and hungry, and many were leaving the Mission,

while the soldiers and Indian guards were unwilling to bring them back to a home where there was no food.

"Francesca, a daring spirit, and a sister of Wana's, had that day startled the good Padre by asking: 'Why, Father, do the Indians starve, while the Virgin Mary in the chapel wears a golden crown, many jewels, and rare silk shawls? And why do you have many grand ornaments in your church on the altar while we people who come to you from the hills are starving? Tell us, why do you not sell these things and feed us?'

"'Verily, wisdom cometh out of the mouths of babes,' answered the Padre. He did not rebuke the girl, but early the following morning a swift horse was seen carrying the Padre in



the direction of Los Angeles. As a great festival was going on in the city, no one wondered at the Father's going.

"In the chapel at San Juan Capistrano there is a small figure of the Virgin Mother holding the Infant Jesus in her arms; it was there then as it is now. This little image was the especial joy of Wana, and that evening the Indian girl might have been seen crouching before it; holding her own sleeping child aloft in her arms and beseeching the protection of the Holy Mother, for Wana was going after food. She noticed that the handsome silk shawl, all embroidered, and with heavy, long fringe, was gone. But as the dresses, shawls, and ornaments were frequently changed, she only regretted that her favorite silk was not

upon the Virgin just this one evening. Quietly slipping out of the chapel with her little burden, who now slept soundly owing to a soothing potion administered by the watchful and loving mother, Wana was met at the great arch by her sister, who pressed into her hand a few tortillas which she had been able to save or steal; for she would have begged, stolen, and even done murder for Wana's sake, so strong was her love for her unhappy, starving sister.

"Wana, being married and of good character, was allowed to occupy quarters outside the quadrangle and pass in and out at pleasure. As the moon rose, a slowly moving, lone figure might have been seen gliding toward the hills, dodging each shadow that seemed to move, and

lying down often back of a clump of sage or chaparral, while some imaginary form passed by; for Wana had left the Mission.

She was frightened. She feared to anger the Padres should they discover that she was gone; but most of all, she dreaded meeting a soldier, for she had often seen them in former days coming to the Mission driving Indian women with lariats about their necks, making them run along by the side of the horses. Poor Wana, she hoped to meet José and constantly did the frail bird coo, hoping that he would hear the love note and find her. All night long she walked, but near morning she ceased cooing; and it was then that José, little dreaming that Wana, his beloved Wana, was not half a mile away, urged his tired pony

on thinking the sooner to reach her with the berries and nuts that he had gathered after the logs were cut and his work done. And so he passed her.

"The wind had gone down, and the night was so still, and they were so close at one time that had Ahzi but cried or Wana but cooed, how different it all would have been! Oh, the pity of it! Weary, thirsty, and weak, Wana saw the great red ball rise over the eastern range of hills in the morning, and she chose the nearest clump of sage brush and scooped out a deep, cool bed in the loose sand for her and the little Ahzi-papoose to spend the day in, and nestling down by the side of her baby, she watched its features, waiting for the bright eyes to open, for she had carefully prepared

a sleeping herb so that the child might sleep during the night and awaken at about the hour of sunrise.

"Fatigue soon closed the eyes of the weary little mother, and it was with a terrible start that she wakened with the baby tugging at her braid of hair. Wana gave the child some of the cherished tortillas and a gourd of milk, and then again administered the soothing potion for the day, as she felt that she herself must soon rest.

"The day passed, and the night, and the next morning came, and Wana slept on. The baby wakened, cried, and scrambled piteously to gain the food and milk which the mother had placed just beyond its reach, and yet had not touched a bite herself. Hunger had passed

into lethargy, and lethargy into a sleep that was to know no waking.

"All day José searched for Wana. She had wandered far from the beaten track, and even from the Indian trail, for she had been too weak and weary to take notice. Francesca left the Mission with José, despite the matron's order. The Padre returned and asked at once for Wana and Ahzi, and was distressed beyond what he cared to express when told that they could not be found.

"Francesca came back in the evening and burst into the Padre's presence, hissing: 'Cruel viper that you are! For silk rags and gold circlets you have killed her!'

"'Stop!' shouted the Padre. 'Dare you desecrate the Holy Church in the face of such

a calamity? You should be upon your knees praying to the Virgin Mary for intercession and assistance. Know you, sinful child, that for you I have this day sinned against the Church by taking holy offerings to the festival, and had lots cast for them that you and your sister might have to eat?"

"Francesca listened with wide-open eyes, and answered: 'Give it, give it to me, that I may take it to them or that I may never return!"

"The food was given to her, and, without another word, the Indian girl turned and left the Mission, never to return to it.

"Wana, Ahzi-papoose, and Francesca were ever after spoken of by the Indians of San Juan Capistrano as 'the children of the Holy Mantle.'"

Pirate Joe

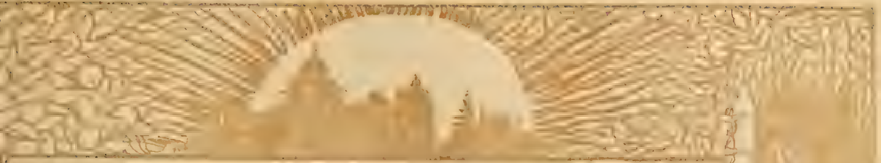
PIRATE JOE

PIRATES, why of course we have had pirates!" said old Uncle Poncho, as the young boys gathered about him jangling among themselves, some claiming that California had never had a real pirate, and others that there had been plenty of them. Uncle Poncho settled it, for Uncle Poncho's word was law. He continued: "We have had plenty of pirates, and good ones too, for that matter. The first one, you know, was Sir Francis Drake with his *Golden Hind* that I told you boys about the other day. We cannot claim him altogether, for he came here

before our Missions were established, and consequently did little harm to us; but later there was one fine, brave, sassy fellow that came here to Monterey first, and then followed down the coast to San Juan Capistrano, and then disappeared forever. Do you want me to tell you about him and Pirate Joe? If you do, you have all got to be mighty still."

"Oh, yes, uncle, we'll be pious if you say so, if you'll just keep a-talking about the pirates."

The old man was in his element. He knew every bit of history, romance, fable, and fiction told of this glorious Western State, and if he sometimes mixed the knowledge, it was due to the nature of the audience.



PIRATE JOE

"Well, boys, this pirate's name was Buchar."

"Why, I thought you said it was Joe?" broke in one of the fellows.

"Now, see here, young man, I want no more of that. Your job is to listen, and I'll come to the 'Joe' part.

"As I said before, this man's name was Buchar; he was a Frenchman, and you spell it B-o-u-c-h-a-r-d," slowly spelt out the old man. "He came from that South American province, Buenos Ayres, and the ruler had given him a letter of marque, that is, a regular permit to poach on other countries' commerce or ships at sea.

"It was on the afternoon of November 20, 1818, that a sentinel stationed off Point Pinos out there," waving his hand toward the point,

"reported two vessels in sight headed for Monterey. One was a little thing, but the other one was big, and black as thunder. The sentinel called her '*frigata negra*' (black frigate), and the other one '*frigata chica*' (little frigate). The Spaniards had been looking a month for these pirates, and there had been so many cries of 'Wolf, wolf, wolf!' that Governor Sola hardly knew whether to prepare the guns or not.

"But when the sentinel announced that the one ship, instead of looking like a great white swan and floating a well-known flag, came like a great black hawk and floated an unknown banner, there was no further time lost. Sola sent his men, on the run, under Ensigns Manuel Gomez and José Estrada, down to the

On It Came, Like a Great Black Hawk

shore battery; while he saw that the women and children were hustled off at once into the interior. They were sent to the Mission of Soledad with all the provisions they could gather together.

"Like hawks of unrest, the two vessels sailed around all day, just out of hailing distance; and when night closed in good and dark, about eleven o'clock, the '*chica*' came quietly pushing her nose right into the harbor and cast anchor. Our men were on watch, and as soon as they found she was settled, they hailed her. Making a trumpet of his hands, one of our men shouted: 'Ship ahoy! What ship is that, and where do you hail from?' "

Uncle Poncho suited the action to the

words, and every boy sprang to his feet at the terrible shout he gave.

"And will you believe me, the impudent, daring devils sent back an answer in English: 'We can't understand.'

"Our men repeated the inquiry, adding the order to send a boat ashore with the ship's papers. But the stranger said that they would attend to all formalities in the morning.

"Now, as for the ships, they proved in the morning to be *La Gentila*—that was the '*frigata negra*'—and the *Santa Rosa Libertad*—the '*frigata chica*.' Both were in command of Captain Hippolyte Bouchard, the buccaneer. The black vessel carried thirty-eight heavy guns and two *violentes*, or light howitzers; the little one carried twenty-six guns, and her officer was Lieu-

tenant Pedro Condé; together their force of men was two hundred and eighty-five—men of all nations, colors, and kinds. Now, there are some later so-called historians who say there were three hundred and fifty men on board, but two hundred and eighty-five is enough for me, and every one of them had two wives. I'll tell you about them later. So you can see, boys, what big ships they must have been to carry all those people, and the tons and tons of gold and silver and jewels and valuable stuff that the pirates got from every ship they boarded and every town they looted."

The old man loved to make the stories big and watch the effect upon his listeners.

"At the first streak of light on the following morning the saucy little beggar of a

Libertad began dropping balls right down in Monterey's lap, and that was the only formality that she sent in the morning in reply to the questions of the night before, as to who she was, and where she came from. The unfriendly salute was returned by the Spanish sending a terrific fire of six- and eight-pounders straight at the two vessels, which now lay close together and very close in. The fire continued on both sides for about two hours, when six boat-loads of men were seen to go from the little frigate out to the black one; and that was evidence that we had done mighty good work with our balls on the *Santa Rosa*, for she sent up a white flag and begged for suspension of firing.

"The Spaniards told them to send an officer ashore at once; and they replied that

the officer had gone over to *La Gentila.* But this time our people would not stand any foolishness, but replied: 'Send a responsible officer at once, or firing will be resumed.'

"That brought a boat with three men; one was the second officer, Joseph Chapman, and the other two were black men—one named Fisher, and the other a native of Buenos Ayres, without a name. The breakers were high, and the sea rough; and when near shore the boat capsized, and the two negroes struck back toward the ship, but could not make it, the nameless native being drowned.

"A lot of vaqueros dashed down to the water and began lassoing the other two struggling men. The negro was easy work and soon lay high and dry on the sand; but when the

lasso fell over Joe Chapman's neck, he just trod water and pulled that horse and rider clean into the surf, and the fellow had to hollo for assistance; another vaquero landed a *reata* over Joe's shoulders just as he had cleared himself of the first one, and he just caught that lasso and pulled the man and horse right into the water; but a third vaquero was quicker, and landed his lasso before Joe got rid of the second one, and so together the two vaqueros hauled the big fellow onto the shore limp as a rag.

"Now, boys, there is a man named Foster that says the lassoing business occurred at the Ortega rancho, down near Santa Barbara; and I'm inclined to believe him, for he knows a great deal more about Spanish events as they

occurred than the Americans that came after him and have to get their facts from such as he.

"When Pirate Joe recovered sufficiently he began a long series of excuses and lies, as Governor Sola called them, and for his pains was promptly locked up in the guard-house. When Bouchard saw his representatives marched off to the guard-house, he sailed his big, black ship right down upon the little town and demanded its surrender.

"But Sola stoutly refused to surrender, and answered that the Spaniards would fight till the last drop of blood was shed, and never give up.

"Matters remained that way during the day and next night. All night it drizzled and

rained; and about eight o'clock the following morning, the black frigate was seen to send out nine boats loaded down with men and arms; four of them carried small cannon, and they all headed straight for Point Potreros. Sola sent his twenty-five men down to the shore to prevent their landing, but as the ship and the fort had both recommenced firing, the situation was full of danger for the few men on shore, and Governor Sola ordered Estrada to spike the battery guns and retreat with all the men to the presidio; for it was evident that so small a garrison as was stationed at Monterey could not withstand the attack of three or four hundred men."

"But, Uncle Poncho, you said there were but two hundred and eighty-five, and now you

say three or four hundred," piped up one of the younger boys.

"Well," acknowledged the story-teller, "Governor Sola said in his report that there were three or four hundred when he began to retreat, and I—and I don't know just who is right; but when there is a lot of people after you they look more than if they are just on a ship out in the water." And all were satisfied with the explanation.

"The pirates sacked the presidio, carried off two eight-pound guns, and spiked all the others. Then they looted all the houses near by and killed all the cattle that they wanted.

"While two of the pirates were looting General Castro's father's property, they came suddenly upon a pretty young girl who was

trying to catch a horse. When she saw them she fell upon her knees and prayed them to do her no harm. They asked her name and why she was there alone. She explained that her mother had left a most cherished book at the home when they departed so hastily, and that she had returned for it; and as proof she showed the book,—it was a prayer-book.

"One of the men laughed and said she was a good girl, and sent the other man to catch her horse. As she knelt there at the door of her own deserted home, the man came to her, and, calling her Señorita Castro, for such she was, kissed her on the forehead, and when the other men brought the horse he helped her to mount. Then he swore a terrible oath and said: 'My girl, you are more

brave than some of your people were on the beach when we landed. You shall go back. Ride fast! for there are others of Bouchard's men who would not treat you so well. My name is Pedro Condé; and I already have two wives on board my ship, or I would have taken you there.'

"You can imagine that Señorita Castro rode like the wind to the next rancho, for that last sentence nearly scared her to death."

"I would n't 'a been afraid," said one of the small boys. "I would have asked to go with him; but then she was only a girl."

Poncho continued his story:

"The pirates got about five thousand dollars' worth of plunder and then set fire to the town and departed for Santa Barbara. On the

way they stopped at the beautiful old rancho of the Ortegas, where Stephen C. Foster says Pirate Joe was lassoed, and the pretty Señorita Guadalupe begged for his life and offered to give surety for his good behavior. 'He is such a handsome, strong señor, it would be a pity to kill so powerful a man,' pleaded the charming daughter of Ortega. And so it came that Pirate Joe was allowed to live, and he made good; he turned out to be the handiest man in all California.

"He was known as 'José el Ingles,' for Señorita Ortega did n't like to hear him called 'Pirate Joe'; but in reality he was not an Englishman, but was born in Massachusetts, and he spoke the English language. Like all really first-class pirates, he could speak lots of

different languages; he spoke French and Spanish and English, and quickly learned a lot of Indian, so that when he gave an order it was something like this: 'Mon Dieu! ventura! vamos! trae los bueyes go down to the Playa and come as quick as you can puede, mitema.' And Father Sanchez said that Joe could get more work out of the Indians in his unintelligible tongue than all the major-domos put together.

"When the pirate ship lost Joe it lost a good man, and California gained a better one; for the longer Joe stayed here the better he got.

"The Ortega rancho was one of the largest places in California,—it appeared like a small Mission,—and when the pirates landed at

Refugio and marched up to attack the place, they expected strong resistance; but instead of that, the beautiful old home was deserted. The pirates looted it and then burned it.

"What was worse, Bouchard deliberately cut the throats of three fine stallions imported by Señor Ortega from Mexico. Perhaps that was in revenge for the Spaniards having captured three of the pirates. There is no telling how they rate those men. The captives gave their names as Lieutenant William Taylor of Boston, Martin Romero of Paraguay, and a negro who called himself Matéo José Pascual.

"Another historian tells us that, when Bouchard and eighty of his men were climbing the steep *cuesta de Santa Inés,* Carrillo drove them back by rolling great heavy stones down

upon them, killing five and severely wounding two more. I am awfully glad if he did," continued the old man, "for the Spaniards seemed to be getting the worst of it, so far.

"The pirate ships stopped at Santa Barbara and gave her such a good scare that it cheated her out of proper growth. Here Bouchard offered to exchange prisoners, and when Guerra finally consented, in the name of humanity, to do so, what do you think, boys?—the only prisoner Bouchard had taken in all that time was one good-for-nothing, drunken man, named Molina, of Monterey, whom everybody was glad to be rid of; and we had to give back the one from Boston, the one from Paraguay, and the negro, Pascual.

"Santa Barbara was known to be a strongly

fortified presido, and the pirates were glad enough to leave her alone. They glanced at San Pedro, but saw nothing there but a few caches of hides; so they sailed on to the grand old Mission of San Juan Capistrano. But the Padres were ready for them there; they had sent all the sacred vessels and church ornaments, carefully packed in boxes, away up in the hills to Pala. They had driven the stock far inland and hidden all things of value. When the pirates landed there was nothing for them. The women and children had fled to distant ranchos, and the Mission was quite a heap of ruins from the earthquake of 1812, which you remember about; and so the place had an air of desolation that checked the pirates. The only thing they could find was

the Padres' storehouse of good old wines. They drank like pirates, and then boarded their vessels and sailed away, and were never heard from again. That's the story of our pirates," concluded Uncle Poncho.

"But about Pirate Joe?" respectfully asked the fellow who had first interrupted the old man.

"Oh, yes, you want to know some more about him, do you? Well, he became one of our most respectable citizens. He could do anything, from shoeing a kicking mule to completing a fine piece of surgery. He was a carpenter, a blacksmith, a ship-builder, a doctor, and he could mend drums splendidly. For the most part he lived at Mission San Gabriel and was an especial favorite of Father Sanchez.

He built a wonderful grist-mill there, which is known as 'El Molino Viéjo' to-day, and he built another one at Santa Inés. Besides that, he helped get out all the timbers for the Church of Our Lady of the Angels."

"And did he marry the beautiful señorita?" asked another.

"Yes, he did. In 1822, he was duly baptized in the little Mission Church of San Buenaventura and named 'José Juan Chapman'; the same year he and the beautiful Señorita Guadalupe Ortega were married in the chapel of Santa Inés and later went to live at Los Angeles. But the most wonderful thing he ever did was in 1831: he entirely constructed a sixty-ton schooner at San Gabriel, fitting each piece to its proper place, and then

had it carted down to San Pedro, where it was put together. And every board fitted just exactly. It was launched amid great festivities, and christened *Guadalupe.*

"Senor José Juan lived until 1849, and died an honored man. He was a great pirate."

Dos Hermanas

(The Two Sisters)

DOS HERMANAS

(The Two Sisters)

IT was Christmas time, and the Alameda, the beautiful wide avenue stretching between the Pueblo of San José and the Mission of Santa Clara was aglow with color and life. The broad, sweeping willows and the narrow, stately poplars spread their shade over a joyous throng of young people, as they jaunted along the way between the gay little town and the quaint Franciscan Mission, where they were going to attend the festivities of *"Noche Buena"* (Christmas eve), and assist in the presentation

of the sacred drama of "Los Pastóres" (The Shepherds), a play that was given annually at the Missions of California.

The merry company numbered many hundreds, and they were scattered along the entire three miles of way between the Pueblo and the Mission; some were on horseback, and many more afoot. Many of the riders wore the picturesque jacket of velvet beautifully embroidered in silver or gold, the trousers made snug at the seat and widened by slashing from knee to ankle, the open edges caught by silver or shell buckles over snow-white *calzoncillos* (riding-breeches). Others wore knee-breeches with legs wound in the richly embroidered *bota*, or scarf, and fastened with tasselled garters that hung near to the ground. The neat riding-habits

of the women contrasted strongly with the elaborate suits of the men.

Here and there a wedding party brightened the costumes of the ladies and the pedestrians added still greater gayety to the color and scene. The horses were by no means a small part of the bright cavalcade.

In the olden days of the Padres only good horses were ridden, and the trappings were a part of the wealth of this wealthy country. The saddles were of the finest leather; some were embroidered in silk or golden threads, others were most artistically stamped or carved in flowers or intricate designs; and many of the pommels and seats were of solid silver, with long black *tapaderas*. leather stirrup covers, reaching near to the ground. On this occasion

many of the head-stalls and bridles were of finest filigree silver or made of softest jet black leather set off by elaborate mountings of filigree silver or gold. The limit to the amount of precious metals used for the many decorations on horse-trapings was the compassion of the owner and rider; if he had none, his horse often carried double the rider's weight.

The pedestrians were decked in the gayest festival costumes, which varied in color according to the taste of the wearer; but the majority of the women wore the flounced skirt and white embroidered or lace-trimmed chimesettes, and their long, dark hair braided in two plaits down the back; the matrons wore tall combs and gay *rebozos*.

The quaintest part of the procession was

the priest in his new *volante,* or carriage, with his numerous attendants. The *volante* was home-made. It was composed of a long narrow box swung on a pair of low wheels. The width barely accommodated the portly person of the priest. To add to the comfort, in the absence of springs, the box was well padded with softest lamb's wool, and over all was thrown a rich white robe of albatross, that made a fitting background for the magnificently embroidered church vestments that the Padre wore. His bared head and dignified countenance became well the scene. The *volante* was drawn by a great white mule, and perched on its back was a tiny, very brown Indian boy, whose short legs scarcely spanned the broad back of the huge animal; his wee hands clutched the

quaint twisted rope of green hide that served for bridle and harness.

The mule was guided, in fact, by an experienced Indian rider, who rode at its head and held firmly the end of the stout *reata* that was about the mule's neck. Two outriders rode prancing, dancing horses, and they assisted the *volante* over the rough places by means of lassoes hitched to the axle-tree and used as taut guy-lines. Their gay costumes of bright green satin breeches, with *botas* of scarlet embroidered in gold thread, their black velvet jackets almost covered with silver embroidery, and their wide sombreros with silver trimmings added greatly to the brilliancy of the equipage. The Padre was attended by his choir boys, altar boys, and *alcaides* of the Mission.

DOS HERMANAS

Close by, and a part of the Father's procession, was a gay wedding party. It consisted of two brides—twin sisters—and a large number of friends who were invited to attend the wedding that was to take place immediately after the presentation of "Los Pastóres." Carmencita and Rosalie were two beautiful young girls, favorites with all, and so perfectly alike in face and figure that the most intimate friends were frequently mistaken in their identity. The most striking individuality was that Carmencita was more quiet and somewhat grave at times, while Rosalie was always gay and laughing. To-day one rode in front of her father on his spirited horse and the other in front of the brother. The gay friends insisted that each of the two lovers knew his

bride-elect only by remembering that she rode with the father, or, on the other hand, with the brother. It was no uncommon prank for the girls to exchange themselves, as they called it, and thus tease their sweethearts.

Their wedding dresses of filmy white lace and exquisite drawn-work, done in the intricate butterfly design, made them appear more dainty and more beautiful than ever. Each wore long strings of pearl beads about the bared neck and around the plump arms, which had no sleeves to cover their rosy freshness. A beautifully wrought gold heart lay on each throat, the love token from the bridegroom.

The day was one of those rich, balmy, warm, sunny winter days of California that keep all her people young.

DOS HERMANAS

When the procession arrived at the Mission Church, the floor of the chapel was quickly cleared of all benches and prepared for the presentation of the religious drama. The spectators arranged themselves about the walls in rows, that each might see to the best possible advantage.

Distant music of voices was heard, and the tinkling of the guitars within the church told the waiting audience that the procession of "Los Pastóres" was entering. Heading the procession were the shepherds and singers, followed closely by the Archangel Michael, Lucifer, a character representing Satan, and a lazy, clownish fellow named Bartolo. Having passed several times around the church, the chorus singers retreated to the choir-loft, and the first act of the play

was begun. As there was no scenery, nor varying lights to signify day or night, the simple story was told in the music, with the assistance of a very little of crudest acting.

But the beauty of the music and charm of the surroundings was such that when the shepherds sang of tending their flocks by night, the absence of the sheep was not felt, and the dim vaulted roof of the church conveyed the idea of starlit heavens. The approach of the angel in a vision announcing the birth of Christ was told in the hymn; and the shepherds followed the sweet voice of the singer, as he led them across the church on their way to the manger that they might see Him and adore Him.

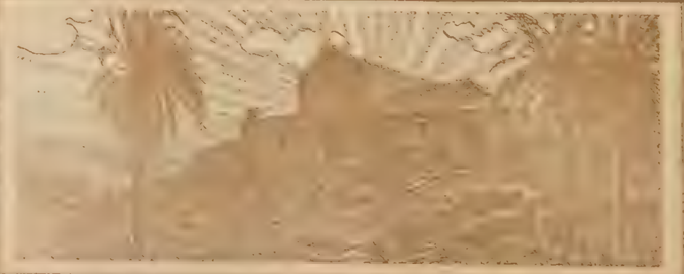
The appearance of Satan at this critical

moment, with his sarcasm and discordant notes and jibes, jarred on the listeners; and the conflicting influences exerted on the shepherds by the angel and Satan in their efforts to persuade them—the one to go, and the other not to go—was soon reflected on the audience, which gave vent in applause. The godly and religious applauded the angel and encouraged him to further persuasions, by shouts of *"Bravo"* and *"Muy buena,"* while the boys and rabble enjoyed hugely the part taken by Satan. His horns and tail and cloven feet were commented on and snatched at by the most daring. The one lazy, good-for-nothing shepherd boy, Bartolo, lay still on his sheepskin, shouting rude personal jokes and hits at the audience, perfectly

convulsing the rough element and fascinating the younger boys.

The ascendency of good over evil was received with great satisfaction by the majority; and when the shepherds followed Archangel Michael from the centre of the church amid rounds of applause, the lazy Bartolo gathered up his dirty sheepskin and quietly followed the actors from the scene. His departure was a relief to the better element.

In the third act the music tells the story. It is the scene in the stable where Mary and Joseph and the Infant Son, Jesus, are receiving the Wise Men with their magnificent presents. The music finished with a volume of song announcing the world's Redeemer and Saviour. The drama closed by the shepherds



rushing from the church, pursued by Satan and the angel, who immediately engaged in a personal combat, to the great satisfaction of the boys. But again the evil one was worsted, and to hide his discomfiture he rushed at a wild-eyed, scared-looking Indian and chased him down the Alameda, until by chance he tripped and fell, and the devil landed him a terrible blow with the flat of his sword; whereupon the Indian, now completely terrified, jumped to his feet and protected himself with a wicked-looking knife. If the crowd had not interfered quickly and surely, Satan would have indeed lost the day.

During the presentation of "Los Pastóres." Carmencita and Rosalie, who sang in the choir, forgot in many places to sing, for they were

busily discussing their own future. The impulsive little Rosalie suddenly said to her sister, "Carmencita *mia,* I cannot be married to-day, and I cannot tell you the reason why."

"But we have arranged to be married, *hermana querida,* what may we do?" replied the quiet sister. "But in truth I care not either, whether we are married to-day or not, for my heart is sad with a heavy secret."

"Tell me, my beloved, tell me quick, why you are sad, for you know you must keep no secrets from me, *nuestra* Rosalie. Come, whisper to me and tell me all."

Caressingly the loving little bird begged of the other one to unburden her more serious heart, and while the music of the sacred love

of Christ for the world was being given around and about them, the two sisters learned for the first time that each held a secret from the other, and that both secrets deeply concerned their lives.

After a pause, and as the quiet strains of sweet music filled the church, Carmencita said, "Rosalie, promise me while you kneel here on your knees that you will never, never tell what I tell you. Swear it, Rosalie, say, 'I swear.'"

"I swear," answered the girl.

"I love another," whispered her sister, and her eyes shot a glance of defiance toward her dashing, gay lover who knelt on the opposite side of the choir.

"Ah, Holy Mother of Christ, and so do I," said Rosalie.

The sisters clasped hands and each told a bead.

"Rosalie, Rosalie, who can it be?"

"I dare not say, Carmencita *mia;* but now that we know, let us go to Domingo and to José and beg of them to wait until another day. Let us say we are ill, or whatever you please; only, I cannot, I cannot be married to-day."

"Listen," said the quiet sister. "I say no, a thousand times no! Since you love not Domingo, handsome Domingo, I fear not to say to you that I do. It is Domingo that I love."

Rosalie, always dimpled with laughter, hid her face in her laces lest she should scream aloud. Her sister thought she had made a grievous mistake in telling, and with fear

in her heart she slipped her arm about the trembling girl and peered close into her face.

When the girl checked her laughter so that she could speak, she stole a merry glance at her sister and whispered, "And it is José that I love. I thought of course you loved him, and that he was lost to me, and that is the only reason I consented to marry Domingo."

By this time the impetuous girl was fairly in sobs; and Carmencita spoke almost harshly to remind her where they were, and that something must be done at once to stop the wedding, lest each should wed the wrong man. The girls sat quietly for a moment and then Rosalie, quick of wit and quick of action, put

in words what was uppermost in both their minds.

"Let us exchange and never tell until it is too late!"

She had said it, and both were startled at the thought.

Carmencita sat looking straight ahead, and when she heard her sister say, "Will you do it? Will you?" she knew that she would, that she must, no matter what came of it; for her love, now free, rose like a torrent in her breast.

Very solemnly she answered, "Yes, I will do it."

Rosalie said, very comfortingly, "We might as well be pleased with our choice as they with theirs," a thought that very often makes

girls wish that the good methods adopted by the pious Padres with the Indians of early California, were yet in vogue, when they annually arrayed the eligible young men in a row about the Mission patio and allowed the young girls to pass along in front of them once, twice, or three times, and then announce their choice of husband. As the young folks comprised one large Mission family, and frequently met with each other, though always under strict surveillance, the Indian girls were allowed to choose their husbands, and that was exactly what Carmencita and Rosalie were doing to-day in defiance of prevailing custom.

They exchanged the golden hearts on their breasts and made a few secret resolves and ex-

changed experiences, the better to start right. They resolved in the future to be each other —Rosalie to be Carmencita and Carmencita to be Rosalie—only except at the signing of the register. In that they would be honest. They could not see how Domingo and José could be so very much disappointed when they found them out, for their own older sister seldom knew them apart, and frequently their mother mistook one for the other. Of course, they both recognized that the greatest difference lay in their dispositions. Carmencita saw with regret on many occasions that Rosalie laughed and sang, when her own heart was heavy and sad. She someway felt that to gain Domingo would unburden her whole life of sadness, for she had long loved him

most devotedly, and it seemed that to be allowed to love him unrestrainedly would be the whole joy of her life, and that in so doing she too could be gay like Rosalie.

In the frolic following "Los Pastóres" the many couples who were intending to be married arranged themselves before the good Padres, awaiting their turn. The twins were followed by many friends; and when they finally knelt at the altar with their veils shading their pretty faces, they listened to their father's voice giving them in marriage; and finally, when the silken cord was wound about their necks, yoking them indeed to the men of their choice, they arose and followed the priest into the sacristy, there to subscribe their names without a thought of the men,

only an overwhelming wave of real happiness for themselves.

Each received her husband's first kiss and gayly went with him to the feast and fandango given at her uncle's home.

"Why, Carmencita *mia,* I thought you did not like the *buñuelo*, the sweet cake. How, then, comes it that you eat them to-day?" said José, when he passed the crisp fried cakes of which he was so fond. He had always regretted that Carmencita cared so little for them, while Rosalie was so fond of them.

"I shall eat of everything to-day, José, it is my wedding day," answered the girl, and she touched her sister that she too might take notice and be on her guard.

Now, Domingo cared not for the Christmas

sweets, but was fond of the hot *enchilada*, and urged "Rosalie" to take another and another, when the girl cared indeed for them not at all.

The gay feast ended, the party repaired to the patio, there to dance until *misa del gallo* (the mass of the rooster) was celebrated, at four in the morning.

"Carmencita, you are wild to-night, I have never seen you so gay," remarked José, as they danced dance after dance; "you are more like Rosalie to-night. I have often tried to make you gay and happy, and now I know it was only to be married that you wanted. You were afraid that I should run away from you, and your fears made you sad, eh, *muchacha mia*, was that it?"

"Why did you not marry Rosalie, who is so much gayer than I, when you wished a gay wife? Doubtless Rosalie would gladly have married you, José," said the girl, with great joy throbbing in her heart to find that José had always preferred her gay manner to the more quiet ways of her sister.

"I married you, Carmencita, because I love you, only you. Rosalie has not the wit nor the kindness of heart that Carmencita *mia* has. Rosalie is a little chatter-box; she is silly and oftentimes foolish." The girl's deep red lips paled and the dimpled face grew pallid white, as the man continued: "You remember when we came to your uncle's last summer, how well we planned for the future, what you were to do and what I was to do; tell me again you

will do it," whispered the lover and husband. The girl, so brave and happy a few moments ago, chilled with the prospect of trying to take up the strong, sensible webs of the future that her sister had woven.

"Give me first your promise again, and then I will give mine," said the wife, hoping to catch some drift of the past conversation and promise.

"Oh, well, I will say it again and again. No more flirting with Mercedes, nor Terésa, nor—nor Rosalie, no more cock-fights, nor gaming, nor excess of wine, only love on my knees to you, only joy where you are and our trip to South America. No one knows, Carmencita, where the boat lies but you and me; and should Domingo know that I told you, he would curse me for a fool and take those horses from me."

"Oh," gasped the girl in such a fright that José drew back and looked sharply at his wife. "What is the matter? It is all right so long as we keep the secret; and there is no one to tell so long as Domingo keeps it hidden from the foolish little Rosalie."

"What did you say about Rosalie?" asked the girl.

"I said there was no fear of any one knowing our secret about the money, so long as Domingo does not tell that silly, foolish, stupid Rosalie; and it was you, Carmencita, who said not to tell her."

"No, no, Carmencita never said that; you are mistaken, José, you are mistaken," gasped the girl.

"No, I am not mistaken; it was you, yes, you indeed, who said neither Domingo nor I should tell Rosalie, for she told everything she knew; you said that she could not be trusted with so great a secret. And Domingo said there would be plenty of time to tell her after we all were married and were ready to go or were safely away. Now, tell me your promise again."

"I promi-s-e— Ah, José, I am very tired dancing; I will have a wee glass of wine and a *buñuelo,* and then I will tell you my promise again. I think I shall add more to my promise. Go, please, and bring me the wine," faltered the girl. Anything to gain time, she cared not what she asked for, nor where José went, so long as she could be alone a moment

with those awful words, "Rosalie is foolish—silly—and not to be trusted with so great a secret," and Carmencita had said it too!

José went reluctantly for the refreshments; he could not understand Carmencita asking now for wine and another *buñuelo* when she rarely touched wine and never ate the sweet cakes. It puzzled him, and made his brain whirl more than the wine which he had just now promised not to drink of so deeply.

As he disappeared under the arches and through the doorway after the refreshments, his wife leaned for a moment against a cooling pillar, trying to keep back the tears that sprang to her eyes as she thought of the harsh words, and realized for the first time the import of loneliness. She saw that she stood

alone, apart in life as a waxen-faced, empty-headed doll; that she, a bride, must look ahead through empty years, yet living side by side with him she loved, but whom she had cheated out of his love. There was no time now to think of the future, but she must act for the present. She must find Carmencita and have her tell what the promise was and something of the mysterious trip and boat. Spying her sister, she ran to her and whispered, "Oh, Carmencita, come quickly and talk to me." Hurriedly she told what José had been saying about the promise and the trip and boat, but did not speak of the slighting words about herself.

Carmencita explained her promise to José, and of the trip and boat she said, "Oh, sister mine, say you have forgotten about that."

"But I cannot. He says that you and Domingo and he all know, and that all will be lost if silly, foolish, stupid Rosalie knows about it; so how am I to know what to do?" blurted out the girl.

"Rosalie, listen, I have no time now to tell you all that, and so you must get out of the trouble as best you can; you got us into it by your quick suggestion of the exchange, and—"

"Well, you jumped at the plan, and were even more anxious to carry it out than I was. Oh dear, oh dear, I wish that I had stayed with Domingo; he never called me silly nor foolish, nor made me promise a lot of most absurd things!"

They were being sought after, and it was

decided that Carmencita should return to José and tell him again her promise and talk with him about the mysterious money and boat, while Rosalie would go to Domingo and take Carmencita's place.

Carmencita had quite forgotten to instruct Rosalie how to talk to Domingo, and when he asked her to continue her story and tell him what Antonio had said, the girl tried to gather up these tangled threads by asking Domingo where she had got in the story when Carmencita came, and he said:

"Why, don't you remember, Rosalie, that you said Viviana went to Antonio and told him that the Indian was waiting for him, and that the freebooters would catch him on the way home to-night, if he did not send them

a message and the gold? Now what was it that Antonio said? Did he send the gold? And who took it?"

Rosalie laid her sad little head on Domingo's shoulder and whispered, "It is not Rosalie, it is Carmencita you are talking to; so say no more. Rosalie will be back in a minute!" His tender eyes grew narrow and black, and he said rather harshly, "I am sorry that you girls played this exchange on us to-night, for something of importance has happened, and I was anxious that Rosalie should tell me of the matter at once. Let us go and find her."

Poor Rosalie guided Domingo about rather aimlessly, knowing, of course, just where to find Carmencita and José; but of course, not wishing to find them at once, she did not. Sud-

denly they came upon them; Rosalie ran to Carmencita, catching her about the waist, whirling round and round in order to confuse the somewhat angered Domingo and to tell her sister at the same time what had happened. They walked back to Domingo while Carmencita told Rosalie that all was explained with José, and to keep away from past experiences and conversations until they could more closely confer with each other.

Domingo's wife returned to him and finished the piece of gossip that Viviana had related to her, knowing well the import of the story, for the messenger sent was Hugo, the Indian, who had charge of the boat hidden off Monterey, and that contained the cargo belonging to Domingo and José.

Domingo, thinking she was Rosalie, carefully guarded the fact that it might be of interest to him other than as an affair of his friend Antonio. He began other conversation by saying, "Where, Rosalie, did you place the music and the embroidered purse that you gave me? I want the purse, and you can return the music this evening."

"I do not just now remember where I placed them, but I will find them for you," replied Carmencita.

"No, I wish the purse now, surely you can think where you placed it; it contains a card with directions that I want," urged Domingo.

"I gave it to Carmencita to take care of," said the girl, "and I will get it from her."

"Surely, Rosalie dear, you can look after

such little matters and not always go to Carmencita. Come, shall we try the new steps I taught you last evening? You danced them so prettily," added Domingo.

They began to dance with the music, but Carmencita had not an idea what steps Domingo had been teaching Rosalie, and to admit so quickly again that she had forgotten would never do.

After several trials and much jesting about her pretty little empty head that could not remember a few new dancing steps, Domingo said, "We will try some other time; I will go now and see José for a while," for he was most anxious indeed to get away from his wife without arousing any suspicion.

Gladly Carmencita exchanged Domingo for

Rosalie, that the two might straighten matters out a little. The girls found the music and the purse with the card. Rosalie showed the steps to Carmencita, and then, with an almost bursting heart poor loving little Rosalie told word for word what José had said, and sobbed aloud as she sat there on the steps of the chapel, repeating the unkind words of Carmencita regarding her own foolishness and unreliability.

Carmencita was dumb. She was guilty, and might have known that her own dual life could never be exchanged fairly for the pure outspoken heart of her twin sister. Already she feared to be found out by the rather harsh Domingo, whose harshness never turned upon Rosalie; but she saw in one evening how it

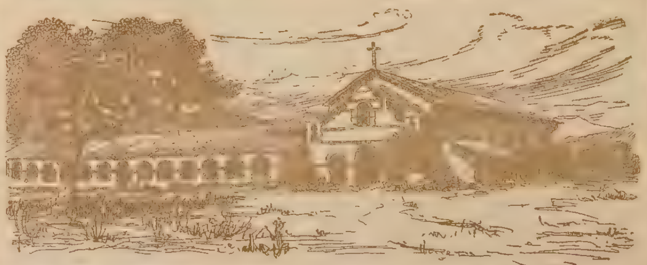
could and might be turned upon one whom he did not love. At last the girls comprehended the enormity of their act.

Domingo and José came to the sisters and told them that it was of grave importance that they leave at once for Monterey; and Domingo, looking closely at the two girls, spoke directly to Rosalie, saying, "Rosalie *mia,* bring me the card that I have need of, and Carmencita will tell you all that is necessary of our going away."

José had told Domingo that Carmencita now knew of the money and boat with its cargo, and that she had advised Domingo to tell Rosalie such facts as were necessary for her to know. As he had no time to tell her, he left it with Carmencita.

Quietly the bridegrooms withdrew, but it was not long before they were missed by the gay company and certain explanations were demanded. It was learned that a band of freebooters had sent a message to one of the company, demanding gold, and for some reason Domingo and José had volunteered to intercept the demand. No one save Carmencita knew that the young men recognized their own servant, Hugo, as the messenger from the outlaws; and if they knew where to find Hugo, they knew also of the hidden boat with its cargo. Consequently the men had gone to defend their property and prevent the freebooters from cutting loose with the booty.

When early mass was said, and the gay company were exchanging merry greetings



and good wishes, *"Feliz Noche Buena!" "Felices Pasquas"* (Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas), it was indeed a sad time for the two young brides, who had learned so much during the wedding and Christmas festivities. The cold gray of the Christmas dawn was not colder than the true heart of little Rosalie. She had drunk deep of the bitterness of life in one draught. She had exchanged Domingo's shallow love for José's contempt; she had found that Carmencita's glossed endearments, like frozen iron to the tongue, wounded the heart they touched. In one short festal night this gayest girl awoke a disappointed woman. She heard from Carmencita that a wedding trip to South America on the little boat *Dos Hermanas* had long been planned by the

others, and that the messenger sent to Don Antonio for money was their own servant Hugo; also that if he failed to send the money he would be kidnapped on the way home from the festival. Few knew of the boat, and fewer still knew that it belonged to Domingo and José.

The morning came, and no word from the bridegrooms. A week passed, and the news came that a small craft had been sighted by the *Pocahontas* and when hailed had given the name *Dos Hermanas* from Monterey to Mazatlan. She flew the Spanish flag.

The girls knew that this was their husbands' boat, but feared to tell all they knew. When another week passed and the men did not return, they went to the priest and told him

everything. They told him of the boat and its owners; of the messenger Hugo; and who he was; of the cargo and gold already on board; of the fears that José had entertained lest the freebooters capture the boat and thus get away with the money. And finally they confessed to the good Padre the exchange they had made at the altar, and the reason for so doing.

Surprise and consternation kept the Padre busy deciding how best to treat this peculiar confession. After some consultation with the good Padres from the neighboring Missions, it was decided to tell of the boat and institute a search for the missing men; for it became evident to the priests that the men had been shanghaied on board their own vessel, as it was

most certain that they would not have left willingly upon their wedding night without sending messages to their brides. The girls' relatives found that a fearful encounter had taken place near a cove where a small boat had been seen anchored by some Indians.

Months passed, and still no word came from Domingo and José. Carmencita and Rosalie were changed and sad, though no one save the Padre and themselves knew the whole reason. The spring flowers brought their fragrance, but the girls heeded them not.

Summer came, and one day as they sat watching the new arrivals from Monterey, they recognized two browned, familiar faces and very slim, almost gaunt, forms step from the stage and hasten toward the patio where they sat. At

the first glance they knew Domingo and José, their lost husbands. They quickly learned that it was true that the men had been captured by the outlaws on Christmas eve, imprisoned on board their own boat, and forced to serve as crew and sail the boat south to Lower California.

The pirates landed at a port in Lower California in order to pillage a large rancho, and had left but a small guard on board to keep watch of Domingo and José. Up to this time they had made no attempt to escape nor to do anything other than carry out directions, therefore the attack made by them upon the small guard was unexpected. They quickly overpowered two and killed the other two in trying to defend themselves. They had

counted on Hugo, who was indeed faithful to them, but the pirates did not know it. Being now in command, they cut loose and sailed out of port, leaving the pirates ashore, marooned.

"We turned at once, and came back to Monterey to find our brides and take them with us," said the happy bridegrooms.

The task of choosing his own wife was left to each man, for the girls had decided not to assist them in any way or manner, but on the contrary to confuse them if possible.

But again Domingo chose Rosalie, to the humiliation and disappointment of Carmencita, and stooping over he said, "I know you are Rosalie; say it, *mia querida.* It is a long time indeed, but my heart knows its home."

"Yes, I am Rosalie," replied the saddened girl; "but we have a secret to tell you, a secret greater indeed than the one you kept from me, and that so cruelly crushed my loving, confiding heart and rudely opened life to me. Months ago, when we all were married, I thought I loved José the most, and Carmencita thought she loved you, Domingo; so to satisfy our own hearts, and finding that many times you did not know one of us from the other, we decided to exchange and each marry the man she thought she loved the best.

"I married you, José," continued the girl, in a hard, cruel voice, "and in the one evening, I found my love turned to bitterest hate. You called me foolish and stupid and silly, yet you had always seemed almost to love me,

and I found that you were untrue to your best friend, Domingo; and more still, I found on that same evening that my most dearly beloved sister kept from me the most vital incidents in her life, telling me the trivial ones, as a mother might dole out *buñuelos* to her child. Whether Carmencita loves you, José, or no, I do not know; but I will not live with you as your wife."

The two men stood mute. They had never suspected such a state of affairs, and when the always silent Carmencita at last found her tongue, they listened to hear more of this strange happening.

"It is true, alas, all too true what Rosalie has said. We treated her as a child; and I, who should have shielded and protected her

as a part of myself, heaped about her the bank of disappointment that she fell against so cruelly, and no hand dared to help her, for all were stained with the mire of deceit. She thought us all as true to her as she was to us. Not until after you and I became engaged to be married, José, did Rosalie consent to become the wife of Domingo; and even then she told him plainly that she did not love him as a wife should love her husband, but he persuaded her to marry him. While I, seeing that Domingo loved Rosalie and not me, turned to you and won your love, when perhaps Rosalie might have had it, for you were always so fond of gay, happy, laughing girls.

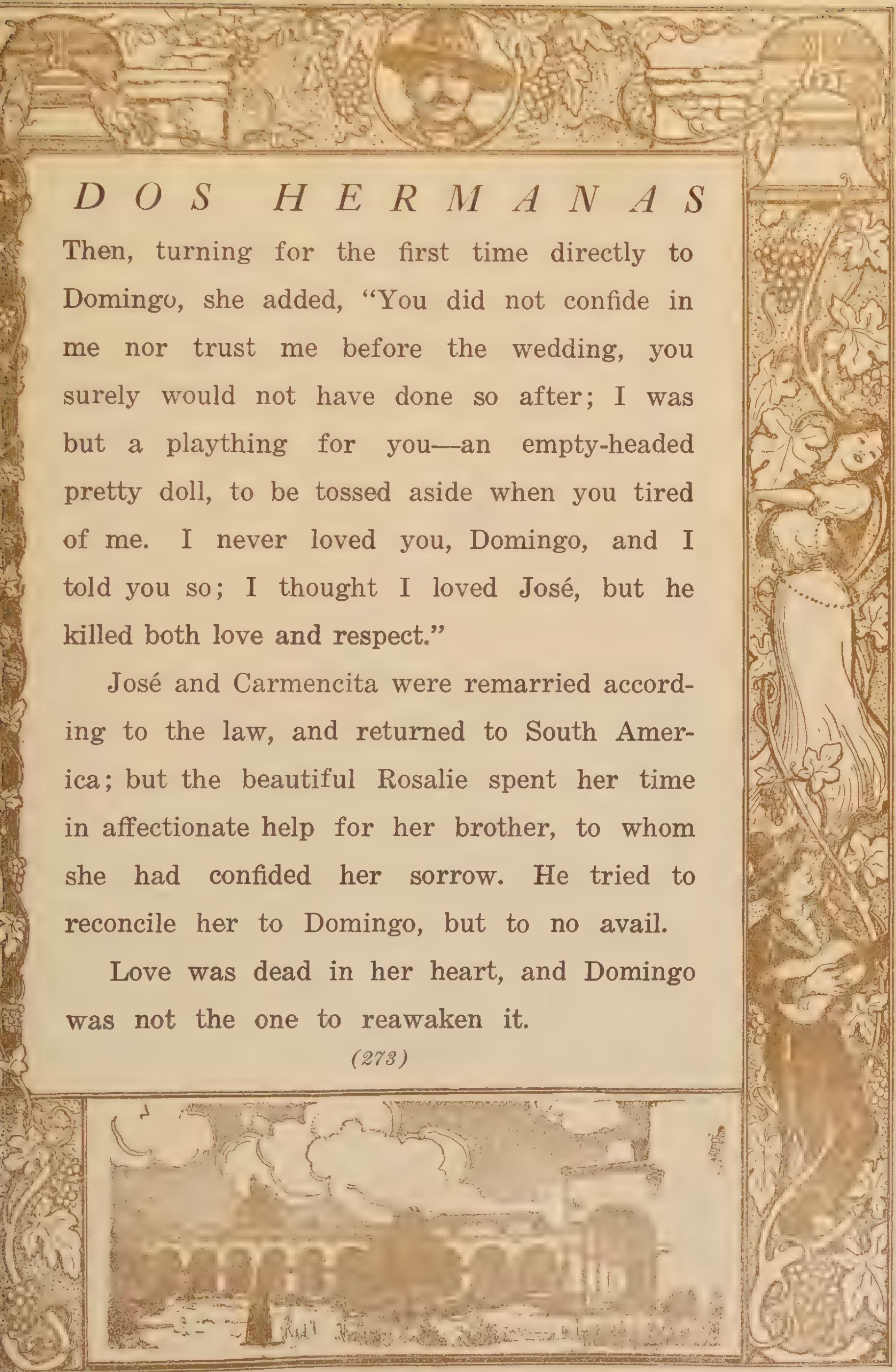
"From the day of our wedding and your disappearance my sister has changed, and from

the gay girl of 'Los Pastóres' festival she has become the sad, disappointed woman that you see; we three together crushed a pure, true heart, but I was the one most guilty.

"We have talked with the Padre who married us, and he says we are in truth married to the wrong men. But as we answered to wrong names in the marriage ceremony, the marriages are crimes, and therefore are null and void."

"Let us go at once to the Padre," said Domingo, for he loved the sad-faced Rosalie even more than the gay, pretty girl that he had wooed.

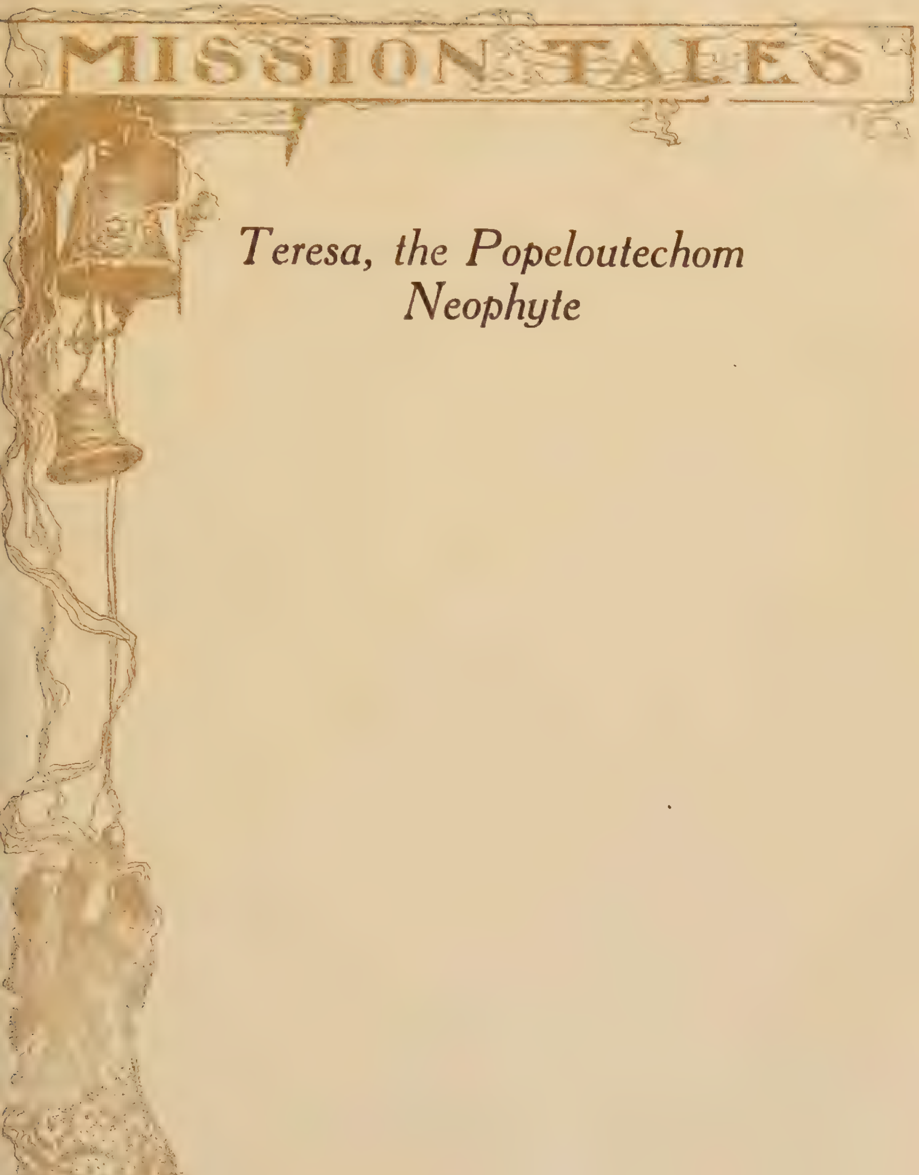
But she said, "No, go you and have the marriage annulled, for the Padre will annul it. As for me, I will not again go to the altar."



Then, turning for the first time directly to Domingo, she added, "You did not confide in me nor trust me before the wedding, you surely would not have done so after; I was but a plaything for you—an empty-headed pretty doll, to be tossed aside when you tired of me. I never loved you, Domingo, and I told you so; I thought I loved José, but he killed both love and respect."

José and Carmencita were remarried according to the law, and returned to South America; but the beautiful Rosalie spent her time in affectionate help for her brother, to whom she had confided her sorrow. He tried to reconcile her to Domingo, but to no avail.

Love was dead in her heart, and Domingo was not the one to reawaken it.



Teresa, the Popeloutechom Neophyte

TERESA, THE POPELOUTECHOM NEOPHYTE

OVERLOOKING the Popeloutechom Valley is a broad mesa, swung, as it were, between the two hills, Gabilán and Pacheco. In 1797 this broad plain was populated by three thousand indolent, comfortable Indians, who seldom knew want and lived for the most part in peace, although there were many tribes and sub-tribes of the Popeloutechom people. The Indians built their huts of braided mustard-stalks, and over the top of each hut was tossed a skin; that completed a home, for

they knew of no furniture nor had need of any.

A clear, cool stream crossed the valley at the foot of the mesa and provided the Indians with fish, which they preserved with salt brought from the adjacent Salinas Plains. In this matter they were always provident, varying their fish diet with a free use of dried grasshoppers and various bugs, when they were in season. They rarely hunted, but were content, for the most part, with a diet of bread and fish. The bread was made from the acorn-meal, the bitterness being readily extracted by soaking the bread for a day or two in the running water of a stream.

There is no more picturesque or more beautiful valley in California than that of San

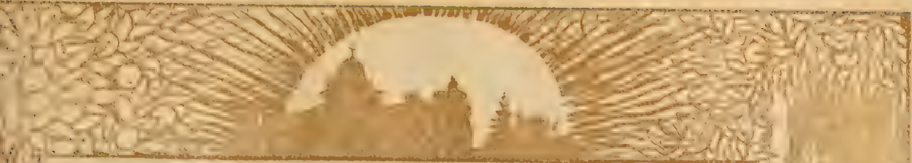
Benito, as the Spanish fathers called the Popeloutechom district. Here on June 24, 1797, Father Francisco Fermin de Lasuen, Superior of the Missions, dedicated the valley to the patron Saint of the day, John the Baptist, and solemnly founded a new Mission station under the Spanish name of San Juan Bautista.

The Indians were timid and unfriendly, but the Padres had learned that music rarely failed to overcome both fear and hostility, so upon this bright June morning, when a shining white cross had been erected and a chime of sweet bells had been swung upon the outstretched limb of a great tree, the good friars quickly transferred a strange-looking box from the back of a mule, and, placing it where the sounds would carry far out over the valley

below, began to turn swiftly the crank of a small pipe organ. Had they thought for a hundred years, they could not have devised a more effectual plan for securing the attention of a large band of Indians quietly sleeping, for the most part, in their little mustard-stalk huts in this village of Popeloutechom. When they first heard the sounds, they fell upon their faces in fear; but as it continued and they found they were not dead, nor in any way injured, a few of the braver arose and stole out toward the mesa whence came the strange sounds. Slowly they approached the tree where the queer "singing box" stood, and when they were within hailing distance one of the Padres spoke to them in their own dialect.

Their astonishment increased, but their fears

WHEN A SHINING WHITE CROSS HAD BEEN ERECTED, AND A CHIME OF BELLS HUNG UPON A LIMB, THE FRIARS BEGAN TO TURN SWIFTLY THE CRANK OF A SMALL PIPE ORGAN



were allayed. They were urged to return to the valley and call the Indians to come to the mesa to hear the music and meet the new friends. They did so, and after playing the organ for an hour or more, the good father addressed the hundreds of interested savages and told them that he had come to dwell among them. The question was immediately asked:

"Will the singing box stay?"

"Yes," answered the Padre, "it will stay if you will help to build a hut for us."

These indolent Indians consented at once to help the Padres and their assistants, and all because of the music. When the Indians did their work well they were rewarded with many tunes, but when they were care-

less or disobedient there was no music. The wonderful influence of the music upon the Indians, together with the fact that one of the resident priests spoke fluently the natives' language, was evinced by the rapid growth of the Mission station.

In fifteen years the Mission of San Juan Bautista had erected one of the most beautiful and ornate chapels in Alta California, which, together with the necessary buildings for the Padres, living rooms and dormitories for the neophytes, storehouses and corrals for the grain and cattle, formed three sides of a patio two hundred feet square, with the corrals leading away beyond. These buildings and walls were constructed entirely of adobe (sun-dried brick composed of stiff mud and straw or tough

dried grass) and *ladrillo,* another species of brick that was baked in a subterranean kiln; and all were capped with the artistic *tejas,* or red tiles, making sweet concord with nature such as delights the eye.

The Indians, with only a few teachers and helpers, did all the work. They became carpenters, brickmakers and bricklayers, blacksmiths and painters, as well as agriculturists. During this period there were many stealthy, cowardly attacks made upon the Mission, for the Indians were treacherous; but for the most part the annoyances came from the Indians outside of the Mission. Even then there was always some friendly Indian to warn the Padres and avert the danger.

Terésa, a very beautiful, earnest neophyte

Indian girl, was one who always proved faithful on such occasions. She was a general favorite, both through her beauty and her gentle, kindly ways. The Popeloutechom natives were not favored of the gods, but in truth were the ugliest of all the Indians in California Missions, and therefore Terésa was something of a wonder. By reason of her beauty she held peculiar sway over her people, and dared thereby openly to disagree and protest against disorderly conduct of the Indians in their treatment of the fathers who were devoting their lives to them and making them comfortable.

Annually, each young Indian hoped that the beautiful Terésa would choose him as her husband. As the years went by and Terésa chose no husband, the good Padres began to

chide the girl seriously for not making a selection, and she just as earnestly pleaded with them to allow her to remain at the Mission enclosure as their servant, as she had no desire for the serious obligations of matrimony. She was allowed to follow her own inclination. The marriage vow was most sacred to her, and the lightness in which it was held by her people greatly distressed her.

It was the custom for the trusted women and children to go up into the Gabilán hills and gather nuts and berries. On these excursions Terésa was always the leader; her gay, merry, singing voice and joyous ways made the journeys occasions of pleasure. It was in the year 1815, or perhaps 1816, that a berrying party had gone to the hills to

camp over night, for the nuts and berries were scarce, and the people had to wander far before they could fill their burden-baskets. So it came that they were far from San Juan, and *la maestra* (the matron) thought best to remain a second night and fill all the baskets before returning. At the first streak of dawn the party was out again searching far and near, and as all the gatherers ate nuts and berries as they chose, no lunch was prepared; and so no one missed Terésa until the call was sounded to start on the return to the Mission. As only the religious neophytes were ever taken on such trips, the loitering of one or two did not disturb the Padre or *la maestra*, but weary and tired they all trudged slowly toward the Mission.

TERESA

When they were nearing San Juan, it was discovered that all were present but Terésa. She was not in sight, and the Padre hurried forward to send back some one from the Mission in search of the girl. It was thought that she had gone too far, or that she had become fatigued with her burden-basket, and would readily be found. Late at night the guard returned, having found no trace of her. A large party was detailed the following day to return to the hills and search thoroughly, for all believed now that an accident had befallen the favorite; and it is needless to say that there was no lack of ready volunteers among either the guards or the male Indian neophytes to go in search of the pretty girl. For days, in fact for weeks, the search was contin-

ued, but the only trace that was ever found was discovered by the first searcher, who incidentally remarked that he noticed that some horses had been up on the mountain. But no one thought to connect that with Terésa.

A year and more passed, and Terésa was mourned at the Mission as one dead.

The season for gathering nuts was over; this year only the old women and young boys had been allowed to go after them. The Padre was sitting in his quiet quarters thinking of the strange disappearance of the beloved child, Terésa, when a faint knocking was heard at the little window at the rear of his apartments. It seemed nothing more than a twig brushing against the iron grating; but as it continued, the Padre rose and gently asked:

"What is wanted?" thinking if any one was there he would give answer, and if not no harm was done. A faintest voice answered, "Help me."

That was enough. The good man fairly ran out through the corridor and around the corner of the building that brought him to the rear of his own apartment. Crouching there in the cold night air was a girl holding tightly in her arms a small bundle. He raised her to her feet and asked most soothingly, "What is it you need? Why are you here?"

"Oh, Father, it is Terésa."

"Terésa, my child, Terésa, is it truly you? Come, come at once into the Mission."

"No, no, I cannot come until I tell you all," sobbed the girl.

But as the faint cry of a child caught the Padre's ear, he answered, "It matters not what has happened. Come Terésa, into the Mission and we will care for you and—the child."

As the girl tried to move toward the open gateway, her steps faltered and she fell, from exhaustion, back into the strong arms of the holy man, who quickly picked her and the child up and carried them into the apartment of *la maestra.*

For some time the matron worked over the fainting girl and cared for the feeble child. Toward morning Terésa sprang to her feet crying, "My child, my child, what have you done with my child?"

When assured that it was safely taken care of, she gradually became sensible of her sur-

roundings and burst into a flood of tears. The good matron gave her some broth and a quieting tea of datura and tried to induce her to sleep again; but the girl asked pleadingly to have the Father come to her and hear her confession.

Gladly the Padre came to the relief of the distressed girl, and when she tried again and again to begin the story, he took her hand quietly and said: "Thy sins are forgiven. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. Speak, daughter, and unburden your heart, for your great grief proveth your sorrow."

Thus encouraged, the girl sobbed out the story of the past year.

"When we were gathering nuts, more than a year ago, I strayed far up the hillside where a great tree rests. And as I bended over, with my eyes close on the ground, I did not see or hear any one approach, until a serape, or great blanket, was thrown over me, and I was gathered up in a bundle and tied thus and placed on a horse and carried, cruelly carried, a long distance ere the wrapping was removed. The lack of air and the fright made me unconscious. When I awakened, a man, a soldier from Mission Carmel, named Felipe Guzman, stood over me, chafing my hands and drenching me with *aguardiente.* When I tried to rise and call for help I found that I was hobbled; and Felipe said with a laugh, 'Ah, my pretty one, it is not often we find so charming a

wild flower, and I am glad to be the lucky man.' I answered him in the same Spanish, and he was greatly pleased, and called to the other men that he had indeed captured a prize. 'She can speak the language,' he said.

"I begged of them to release me, and explained that I came from San Juan Bautista Mission, and that the Padres would look for me; but all the answer I got was, 'Doubtless the Padres will look for you, for they seldom find such a jewel, and the Padres know a pretty girl when they see one.' As soon as I was able to rise, I was placed on a horse and strapped there. I thought I was to be taken to the Mission of Carmel, as I heard them talk of that Mission; but as we rode all that night and near morning came to a small camp of

workmen, I found I was a soldier's captive and not an intended neophyte for the Mission.

"Oh, Father, Father, the terror of those awful days! I pleaded with Felipe to marry me, that if he would but marry me I would live with him and serve him; but he would not, he would not. And I am not married. No ceremony was said, and my child was born, and I'm not married."

She moaned and moaned, repeating the one sad sentence that to her was the saddest in life, "I'm not married." The good Padre tried to comfort her, but there were no words with which to plead to such a distressed and outraged heart.

Her wee child cried and was brought to her, and as she folded it in her arms she said,

"Sainted Father, will you not baptize my baby even if I am not married?" The good man immediately performed the rite and tried to cheer the distressed soul. He asked the matron to act as godmother, and he himself took both the offices of priest and godfather.

Terésa showed great signs of weakness, and told how she had walked from the camp with the child, stopping only to gather a few nuts by the way. Felipe had even kept a guard watching over her; and while he had been generally kind, he was always cruel when she broached the subject of marriage, swearing terribly at her and calling her vile names, "Indian wench," and many other words she had never heard.

It was thought best for the present not to acquaint the Mission family with the return of

Terésa, but after a few days it became evident that the baby was very ill from exposure and lack of proper nourishment, for Terésa was in a prostrated condition, and it became necessary to tell all the circumstances, excepting the fact that Felipe had not married Terésa.

There came a night of long vigil that brought the saddest of days to the girl: her baby was dead. She heard them preparing for the funeral; but not until she was led into the chapel and saw the wee white-covered coffin enshrouded in wild flowers and rosettes of gilt paper, did she realize that her child was gone from her. She heard the young girls chant hymn after hymn, and she saw the cross and the lighted candles, but sat stricken and heart-broken, not even tears coming to break the tenseness of

her feeling. The choir ceased singing, and the sound of the hand-organ burst forth in all its volume, as if to silence the sounds of the grave-digging that could be heard throughout the quiet chapel. The ritual was intoned, a prayer was offered for the soul of the departed infant, and then all the Indians joined in the Lord's Prayer in the Mutsun dialect spoken at the Mission. As the familiar words fell upon the suffering mother's ear, she sobbed aloud and sank prostrated upon the floor of the chapel.

She did not see the girls pass out through the door bearing the tiny coffin, but as the chanting ceased and silence surrounded her, she heard the dull sound of a handful of earth as it was cast upon the coffin, and in her agony she sprang to her feet and ran out to the open

grave. She would have cast herself into the grave had not strong arms caught her. She saw each one take up a handful of earth, kiss it, and cast it in upon the coffin. In pity the good God sent her relief in unconsciousness; and lovingly they carried the broken-hearted mother to the matron's room.

For weeks the girl lay hovering between life and death; her one moan was, "I am not married; not married." She would call upon Felipe, begging with him and pleading with him to have the solemn rites of matrimony performed, and immediately she would scream and protect herself from imaginary blows.

Day by day the good Padre sat by the sick-couch, soothing the girl and repeating over and over again—

TERESA

"Terésa, do you take this man Felipe to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"I pronounce you man and wife."

He hoped that the words would sometime catch the aching chord in her distressed mind and bring repose. A lucid moment came, and the girl heard the last few words, "I pronounce you man and wife," and with trembling lips, as if trying to speak, she fell into the long-looked-for slumber that held life for her.

When she stirred, a few spoonfuls of broth were given to her, and gradually she was coaxed into a natural sleep.

A week passed before she spoke to the Padre, and then she said:

"Father, I am married, am I not? Did not Felipe come and marry me?"

What was there to say? The holy man bowed his head and said: "You are married; but do not talk now."

"But, Father, I ran away from Felipe, although he guarded me so well; tell me, how did he come?" faltered the girl.

The Padre for answer said, "If you persist in talking, I shall leave your bedside and may not come again."

Weeks passed, and as the girl gained in strength, the Padre determined that he would never tell her other than she knew. Terésa could now go among the Indians, and the matron cautioned her not to mention her past life to any one; they respected her silence, and she gladly kept it. She heard rumors of dissatisfactions among the neophytes, and with

terror learned that they were arranging for an uprising against the Padres, but she little thought that the tempest was ready to burst. One night in her weakness she lay contemplating how, upon the morrow, she would tell the Padre of the discontent and warn him of the trouble. Her keen, alert Indian ear caught the sound of muffled steps, and she sprang to her door. She found that the approach to the Padre's apartments was blocked by hundreds of skulking, bended forms. She took but a second to think what could be done to avert such a calamity—the organ, the music box!

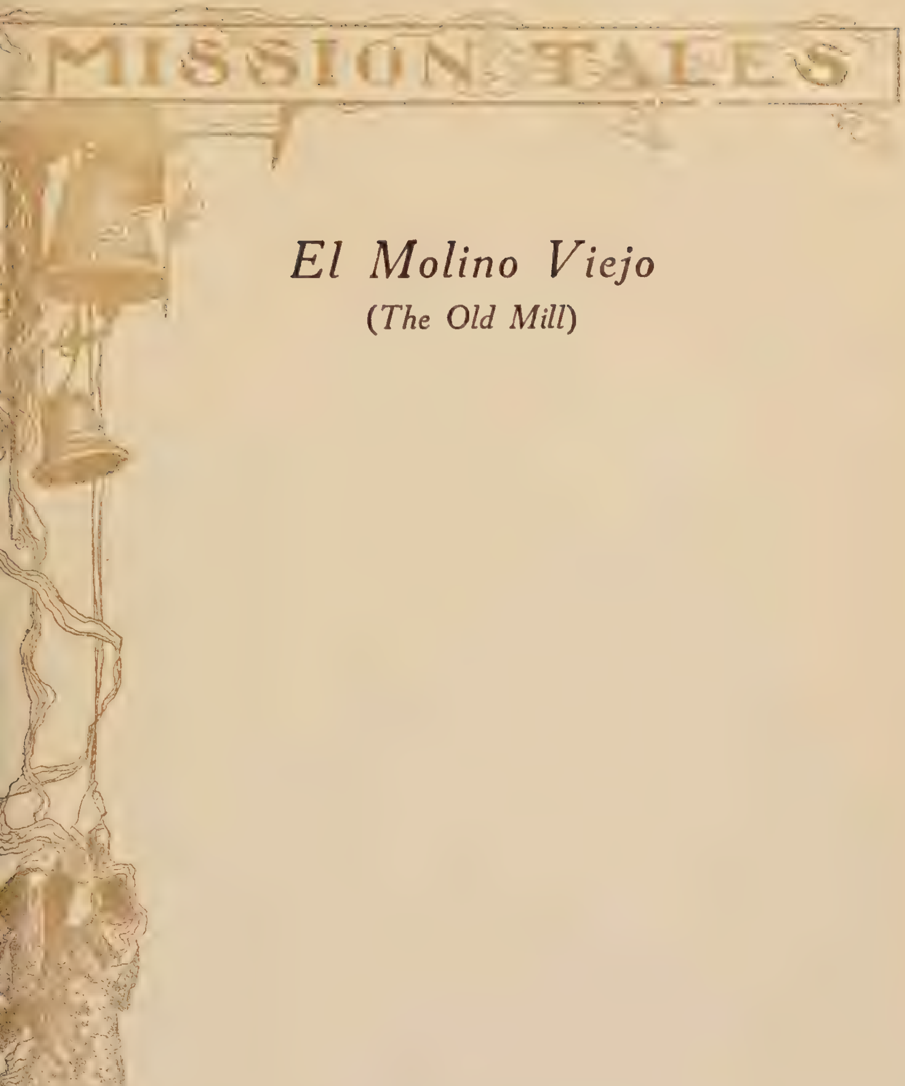
She flew to the little shielded side-entrance to the chapel and stumbled up the dark steps that led to the music box. The mob had gained the door of the chapel and with suppressed

rage were bursting through the holy portals; but the notes of the music fell upon the throng, and for a moment silenced the foremost. As the girl turned the crank with all the force of her weakened arms, she found that the Indians were quieted, and as the hush continued she played softly and more softly, until she found that they were withdrawing.

In a short time the church was still as usual, and no sounds were heard in the patio. Terésa kept playing very slowly until she was confident that all had returned to their huts, and then she tried to rise and go to the Padre. She could not move, the fright and exertion left her helpless; painfully she crawled to the foot of the altar. She was

found there by the Padre, who had learned that an attack was in progress, but did not know how the change of mind had occurred until, upon entering the chapel, he saw Terésa lying at the foot of the cross.

He lifted the frail form and carried her back to the matron; but the shock and excitement had proven too great, and the heart of the dearly beloved neophyte Terésa was still forever.



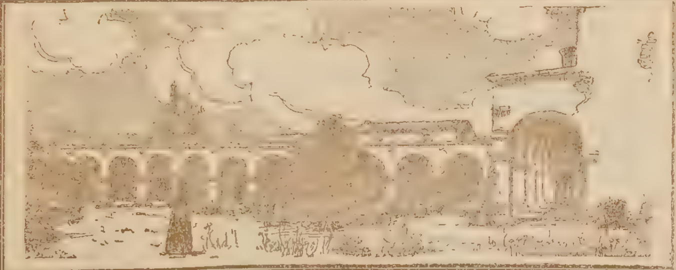
El Molino Viejo

(The Old Mill)

EL MOLINO VIEJO

THE OLD MILL

ON a gray morning in Autumn, when southern California was wearing her mantilla of perfection, a caravan from the Simi Hills came winding along the picturesque road, bent upon pleasure. The yells of the white-haired *gañán*, or driver, of the *carrétas* as he cried, "*Arré! Arré! bueyecillo, arré! arré! bueyezuélo!*" and goaded the fat sides of the oxen with his long, stout *garrócha,* could scarce be heard above the shrill laughter of children and the screaming and singing of gay young people, each bent upon



being heard above the creakings and groanings of the ponderous yet gayly decorated conveyances.

All the morning the hot sun had been veiled by a breath from the sea, and the soft mist floating far inland left the balm of the ocean pressing ever so lightly on the warm brows of the people, thus paying joy to the party in propitiation for the later discomforting heat of the sun, which would soon drink up this wine from the sea and leave a short hot day to the travellers.

According to custom, Salvador was taking the grain down to El Molino Viéjo, the only mill of any consequence, and the occasion was a time for picnicking and visiting along the way. A hundred pack-mules were bulging with

heavy *aparéjos* stuffed full to bursting with golden grain, while other mules carried the provisions and camp outfit for the party. Scores of Indians ran hither and thither, prodding the pack-mules and yelling incessantly, "*Arré! Arré! A la veréda, vamos a la fiésta porqué del cuéro viene la corréa!*" ("Get up! Get up! Keep in the road, go to the fiesta, the hides will pay for the strings!") as if in accompaniment to the snatches of songs sung by the riders as they swayed in their saddles.

There was a long line of young folks in the party gathered from different neighboring ranchos, all riding prancing, spirited horses; and the gleam of harvest festival was reflected from gay adornments on even the elderly women and small children, who were carefully stowed away

in the *carrétas.* These great ponderous carts were mounted on two wheels, each wheel made of a single circular piece of oak with a hole in the centre for the axle to creak in,—and the hideous creaking and groaning could be heard a mile off.

Salvador, who was the head shepherd at the Simi rancho, had been sent as foreman of the pack-train; and he kept busy riding first to the front and then galloping back to the rear, lashing here a lazy pack-mule and there a laggard Indian, doing his work with smiles and again meting out his rebukes with tempered severity that made him beloved even by the lazy. Salvador's father was an Indian and his mother a mulattress, and together they had developed in their son the best traits of

both races. When the major-domo at the rancho called the head shepherd to him and said: "Salvador, I am old, and too frail now to take the grain to the mill; you must take it; and remember you are responsible to me for every one of these people, for all the stock, and for all of the grain," the boy answered, "I will defend them with my life," and the major-domo knew that all would be safe and as well as if he himself went with them.

About noon the party came in sight of Encino rancho. Here they were delighted to see gathered along El Camino Real a large party of young friends ready to join them, and here also was another *carréta.* This cart was gayly decorated with a canopy which was in fact an exquisitely embroidered silken bedspread.

The background was of grass-green silk, embroidered over the entire field with brightest red and yellow, pink and white roses, with intertwining leaves and stems, making the old *carréta* appear to be a real rose-bower blooming along the King's Highway. From the edges hung a rich, deep, silken knotted fringe. Beneath the heavy fringe again hung lace curtains, the filmy meshes shading the faces of the sleeping babies and making a love-screen for the young mothers to cast voiceless soul-dreams to their mates, who pressed alongside like butterflies sipping the heart of a rose.

This *carréta* decoration contrasted well with the one coming from the Simi which had a canopy of green boughs interlaced with gay artificial flowers and caught with bright ribbons in fes-

toons that hung over lace curtains, shielding the occupants from the rays of the sun.

Three or four days were consumed on the road before Salvador had his picturesque party well settled on the banks of Lake Vineyard.

The mill was near by, and was in itself a work of great value, one that was built by the worthy Americano, José Chapman, under the close direction and eye of the thrifty Padre José Maria Zalvidea of Mission San Gabriel in order that grain from the extensive fields of the Mission could be milled near by. The rose-tinted tile roof of El Molino Viéjo cast like a flower the tint to the hill that it rested against. The stone walls and great wheel were strength to the landscape; and the gnarled oaks and balsamic pines lured

the traveller to rest. Toward the road, the wide-sweeping pepper-trees with their bright berries and the gaunt eucalypti, stood like sentinels guarding the mill.

The picnickers spent the days of the milling by the fountain in the shade of the oaks and elms. Here great wide-eyed periwinkles entwined themselves with wild roses, and together they dipped over the edge of the fountain, kissing the water-lilies that covered the entire surface of the water. Many lovers strayed away to gather wild flowers, while the others danced on the lawn under the trees or sang to the accompaniment of guitars and violins.

The evenings were spent in dancing on the floor of the mill, when Joséfita and Téodoro charmed the company with their graces in the

beautiful "La Cachuca" (The Cap); or Viviana and Don Antonio danced the equally fascinating "Cuna." The "Jarábe" (Sweet Drink) and "El Trabuco" (The Gun) were interspersed with many others, as night after night the jolly party danced and sang.

Besides these dances there were many general dances, such as "El Sombréro Blánco" (The White Hat), "Las Pollitas" (Little Chickens), and "La Jóta" (The Jaybird), wherein every one joined. In these, they formed in sets composed of twenty or even thirty-two couples; and when two or three sets filled the old mill, they made it ring with glee and fairly vibrate to the perfect time of the dancers.

"Las Pollitas" was a popular dance, as the music was sung by one of the most gifted sing-

ers, and the length of the dance depended upon his versatility in composing the words as he sang. Each evening new verses were added, telling of the freaks of the little chickens, amid peals of laughter and general applause, when all would join in the chorus of—

"Que se lleven a la polla,
Que no se la llevaran,
Que sí la polla se la llevan,
Carambas, yo voy allá."

"Let them take the little chicken,
No, they will not take her,
But if they do take her
Carambas! I'm going too."

One evening the whole story of "Las Pollitas" was told in the song, to the discomfiture

of a few gringos who had presumed to attend the dance uninvited. The man sang of the poor little birdie chickens that were so innocently enjoying a birdies' ball, when a gathering of hawks soared over the chicks until some of the elders, seeing the plight of the babies, allayed their fears by telling them that they would build a house for the chicklets that would defend them from the hawks. Applying the words with gestures to the present onlookers, the singer gained what he wanted, the departure of the Americanos.

The impromptu rendition of verses to any of the songs always produced the height of merriment, and was received with perfect enjoyment and without criticism.

When the wee hours approached, "La Jota"

(The Jaybird) was introduced and danced until morning. It was a rollicking dance, and as both music and words were supplied by the musicians, the strength of the dancers was not taxed by singing; if the musicians could sing until morning, the gay party danced until they saw the sunlight stream over the top of the Sierra Madre.

No one among the gay throng was anxious except Salvador. Frequently he made trips over to Mission San Gabriel, about a league away, there to exchange his flour for the needed supplies to be taken back to Simi. Upon each trip he learned disquieting news of a band of robbers that were infesting the country. The outlaws were everywhere. One day they drove herds from the hill ranchos, and the following

day they robbed the stage from San Pedro. "They infest the very air we must breathe," murmured Salvador, and with great uneasiness he remembered his responsibility—and his promise to the major-domo.

He took no one into his confidence, but he thought well concerning the gold that was theirs, and how best to guard it; for to carry it now to the rancho would be but to give it to the outlaws. Such thoughts filled his mind as the strains of "La Jóta" were filling the silent cove, and the swift pattering of feet kept time to the words:

"El cuervo en el aire vuela vigilante
Vuela para atras, vuela para adelante,
Sí la piédra es dura, tu eres un diamante,
Que mi amor no ha podido ablandar.

"El que del mundo
Quiere gozar
Ha de ser soltero
Y no se debe casar."

"The crow, through the air, flies vigilantly,
Flies backward, flies onward.
Stone may be hard, you are a diamond
Which my love, as yet, is unable to soften.

"He that wishes to enjoy
The pleasures of the world
Should remain single,
And be without the duties of matrimony."

Salvador passed out into the night, out among the sighing trees, as if to see again that his camp was safe and the workers asleep; but in truth to raise cautionsly a very heavy box to his shoulder and pass up the slope of the

hill. Returning, he took a shovel and pick that he had earlier placed against the wall of the mill cistern, then, winding back and forth about and among the trees, he zigzagged in order to cover a possible trail, and again paused at the foot of the giant tree where he had already placed the box.

A few days later, Salvador gave word that the grain was all ground, and that Don Antonio would conduct the *carrétas* and young people by the way of rancho de Verdugo, resting there one day, and meeting his own party on the following Friday at Campo de Cauenga; as it was necessary that he go by way of the pueblo of Los Angeles, there to obtain sundry supplies not procurable at Mission San Gabriel. In order that the women and

children might be safely guarded, Salvador sent many of the Indians with some of the flour along with Don Antonio, but thereby greatly weakened his own party. Many a love-storm had gathered at the milling party, and all were loath to leave the charming and seductive spot.

Salvador arrived at noon at Los Angeles and spent the remainder of the day making his purchases. At dawn the pack-train, "head-and-tailing" in true Indian style, started from the door of the little chapel Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, hoping the farewell blessing of the good Padre would protect the little band against marauders. The living, moving, squirming line wended its way up the hill back of the Plaza, weaving in and out through the gulches that break the hills, leaving only the

The Pack-Train Started from the Door of the Chapel,
Hoping the Farewell Blessing of the Padre
Would Protect Them

sonorous *"Arré, arré, arré, arré,* wafted back as an echo.

At late noon the little party rested under the shady grove of oak-trees near Cauenga Pass, the same grove that Father Junipera Serra blessed by his presence when he made his first journey north to Monterey. It was here that the good Padre had said the Mass of the Holy Wood of the Cross on that third of May so long ago, and it was the blessed memory of that Mass that now quieted the fears of the faithful Salvador. But only for a trice. A cloud of dust and a clattering of hoofs made all the men jump to their saddles to obtain control of the pack-train, as a party of rollicking fellows shouted *"Buenos dias!"* and sped on toward the sea. All wished

to sit down again and finish the siesta—all but Salvador.

For the first time the young leader expressed to his men the fear he entertained of being waylaid, and told them of the many depredations being constantly committed; further, he said, he believed that the party which had just now so boldly and daringly ridden past were the robbers, for he knew not a single face of them and had seen them at every turn in town. He told each man to see well to his fire-arms, that all were loaded and ready for sudden defense.

Against the hill at the head of the pass was the home place of Chief Cauenga, the kind and trusty old Indian whom all equally loved —Spaniards, Indians, and gringos. To ask re-

inforcements from him was to receive them if at hand. It took but a moment for Salvador to explain to Cauenga the situation, and to state further that they did not carry the gold, but that the robbers did not know that fact. Only a few Indians were available, but among them was Cauenga's son, who volunteered to go with the party through the pass and as far as the campo. No time was lost in useless preparations, for the Indians feared such an enemy as that which had just passed.

The pass through the Cauenga hills was steep, and the trail narrow; the mules were heavily laden, and the nervousness of the drivers was transmitted to the stock, so all were restless.

Long before the small caravan had reached the divide the sun was low and red, with a bank

of dark lowering clouds to hide the light; when the band was once beyond the crest and on the northward slope, the daylight dimmed rapidly, and soon darkness enveloped the quick-moving mule-train. It seemed to the nervous men that now and again horses with reckless riders were outlined against the dim sky and skirted the crown of the hills only to disappear as phantoms. Perhaps these were only scraggly trees; but overwrought nerves, or the demon of fear, possessed the hearts of the men, except possibly Cauenga, the stoical Indian. He set a fast pace for the mules and kept the *garróchas,* or prods, swinging like ball-bats to keep the laggards in line.

The rose-glow of the cloudy night had disappeared, and the violet rays were fast min-

gling with black, when a distant sound made young Cauenga ride to the side of Salvador and cry, "They come."

He raised a wicked-looking knife and hefted a weighty club that he carried as a quirt, saying, "These are my defense, look well to yours, for we shall have need of them, and soon."

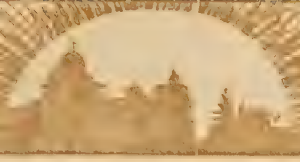
The road dropped suddenly into a densely shaded ravine, and ran along the course of a small stream for some distance. The mountain cast deep shadow and gloom over the valley, and only the keen eyes of an Indian could now follow the winding path.

A sharp report from the side of the hill just ahead of the mules surprised the party, and a clear command, "Halt!" brought the thor-

oughly frightened Indians and obedient mules to a standstill.

It was for an instant only, and then such a blood-curdling yell as came from the throat of young Cauenga no one could have heard without quailing. The robbers fell back, and in that moment were lost. The heartened Indians took up the yell, and the terrified mules stampeded. Over the hills, along the trail, coming and going, they went. The rushing band of men and mules, the robbers and robbed, became at once so mixed that no one dared attack another lest he kill a friend.

The war whoops of the Indians and the tramp of the galloping horses soon came within the hearing of Don Antonio and his party at Campo de Cauenga. The men rushed to



their horses, for the furious yelling meant immediate danger of some kind. The rescuers tried to answer the calls for help, but were mistaken by the frightened Indians for a fresh band of marauders, and were fired upon by the now desperate men.

When Antonio called "Salvador, Salvador," a few recognized his voice and rallied about him, and they were soon able to head off and round up the frightened pack-train. No one had seen or could tell anything of Salvador after the attack. Cauenga had not missed him, as it was his and every other Indian's custom and training to look out for himself alone in time of danger.

Gathering as many of the pack-mules together as he could, Don Antonio pushed on

to the campo. He secured a light to return and look for Salvador, for it had become evident that something serious had befallen him. Cauenga led the party back, and about a mile from the cross road where Antonio had met the stampeded party Cauenga's horse shied. He sprang to the ground and spoke softly to the dark object lying by the road, but no answer came. By the dim rays of the small torch, he discovered a horseman caught under his fallen horse. The animal was dead from a bullet wound, and the rider, Salvador, was unconscious. The side of his face was terribly crushed by contact with a sharp rock against which he had fallen.

Strong arms gently lifted him into Cauenga's saddle, and a slim lad was raised behind

him to hold the limp form in place as best he could. The return trip seemed endless. The fear of a fresh attack added suspense to the grief for Salvador's condition and made the party silent.

The moon was slowly rising from back of the trees that covered the banks of the little stream flowing by the campo when the saddened party laid the almost lifeless form of Salvador down by the water, and Don Antonio began to wash the dirt and blood stains from the wounded face. In the moonlight the features were ghastly white, and when the eyelids began to quiver, even brave Don Toño turned with a start to the Father who had just come, saying. "Take you this dead man's face in your hands and wash it; I cannot."

The Father replied, "Go, son, it is indeed my duty. Go, you, into the chapel and quiet the women and children; that is your duty."

When alone with the injured man the quiet Padre began to speak gently to him, soothingly and naturally; he talked to him of the sheep and of the wool and of the daily life at Simi, knowing that when he regained consciousness, if indeed he did, all would be confusion; but if a simple word of his accustomed work and duties caught his attention, it would be the easier to straighten out the tangled web of onrushing thoughts. An hour passed, and then another; those who came to inquire were firmly waved back, and only the Padre knelt by the injured man. Near midnight Salvador slowly opened his eyes, and hearing some one speak-

ing about his sheep, mechanically answered the slow, simply stated questions concerning them. Presently he recognized his true fatherly friend, Padre Lopez, and smiled. In a moment the pain in his head made him put up his hand, and he found the bandage about his forehead, but thought he merely had a severe headache. When the Father tried to raise him, he found that to move was intense agony.

After a second trial Salvador fell heavily back with a deep sigh of pain and despair, and after several moments of terrible suffering he rallied again and said: "Holy friend, I am dying. Go quickly, fetch writing materials, for you must prepare a paper of great importance. Permit no one to come to me, not even my

brother, for my strength is fast failing, and I cannot—I may not—leave this matter undone."

Padre Lopez speedily returned to the dying man with pen and a bit of parchment which he had torn quickly from an old book, and there on the banks of the little stream, on the same spot now famous as the place where the Treaty of Cauenga was drawn, that made California an American province, the dying man dictated to the good priest the statement of the location of his master's gold that he had buried in a strong-box at the foot of the tall pine on the sloping hill back of El Molino Viéjo.

"Write it all in Greek, Father, for the master of Simi knows well the foreign tongue and loves it; then no common man may read the paper if it becomes lost or stolen," said

the careful Salvador. The flickering, doubtful light of the Padre's tiny taper made it difficult for the good man both to write and watch the faltering sufferer.

In the statement, the boy made it very plain that the danger from outlaws made it wholly unsafe to bring the gold at this time across the country. Reaching a trembling, wavering hand out toward the Padre, he said, "You see, Father, I was right, wasn't I? And the major-domo will say I did well, won't he?" as though his one great desire was to hear the words, "Well done."

The kind Padre answered, "It was well done, my son, well done indeed, and you will hear it said many, many times in the great beyond."

Salvador asked the priest to read the description of the location, that he might know that it was correct. It ran:

"Exactly within the centre of the circle formed by three trees—a pine, an elm, and an oak—that stand near the top of the hill back of El Molino Viéjo, and in a direct line up the hill from the fountain, there is buried a strong-box containing gold and silver, and also an account of the milling, the grain, and the purchases, together with the money there deposited. A pile of stone I placed against the pine-tree; I cut a cross upon the elm-tree, and I drove a wooden wedge far into the one large root of the oak at a split near the ground."

The description ended, and with great effort the boy scrawled "Salvador."

The statement was carefully sealed, and explicit directions were given by Salvador for its safe transmission to Simi rancho. The paper was to be given to Salvador's brother, with the explanation that it was the dying statement of the head shepherd, and that it was to be placed in the hands of the master of Simi.

When all was finished, the priest called to the men to assist him in carrying the sinking man into the little chapel, that the faithful servant might have full benefit of the holy surroundings in his pain and death. Gently he was placed at the foot of the altar in the little Cauenga chapel, and there, surrounded by loving friends, who scarcely knew how they would arrive home safely without his guiding hand, the suffering boy lay till dawn. As the cold steel-

gray of the morning began to lighten the little chapel, the Father gave the true soul absolution, and the spirit went to its God.

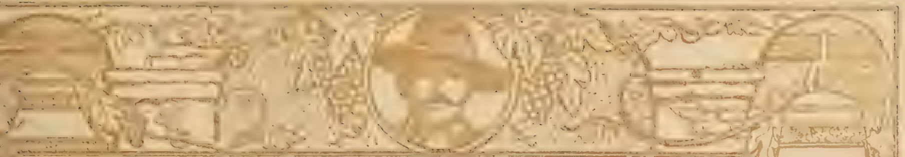
Sad indeed was the home-coming of that gay milling party. A messenger was sent forward to announce the coming and prepare for the sad arrival. After the funeral it was learned by the attendants that much money was missing, and it was generally believed that the robbers had taken it from the unconscious Salvador.

Years and years passed, and one day an old negro came to El Molino Viéjo. He told of many milling trips that he had taken from the up country down to the mill, and especially of one when his half-brother was killed and robbed by highwaymen. He showed

a stained and yellow parchment that had been given to him by the priest Lopez, who told him that it was a dying statement made by his brother Salvador, and that the master at Simi could read it. But he had never given it to the master to read for him, and therefore never knew what his brother had written.

He showed the paper to two young college boys, one the son of the foreman of the mill, who had some knowledge of Greek characters. With the aid of a dictionary, the two lads deciphered the statement and found it to be a description of the location of a strong-box hidden there on the hill. They gave the old negro a few coins for the parchment, and the boys dug up the side of the hill in vain efforts to locate the hidden treasure. The trees had been

long ago replaced with others, and the diggers had only the position of the fountain from which to take their directions. They could work only on the nights when it rained or when there was no moon. The quiet hush of the hill was broken only by the crackling sound of falling leaves and a mysterious voice calling "*L-a-d-r-o-n, l-a-d-r-o-n*" (Thief, thief!") At first the voice was distant and scarcely heard by the boys; but as they worked, the voice came nearer and nearer, until at last it seemed to drive the words right into their very ears. The sound so close sent a tingling shock down the spine, like an electric current, and the pulse stood still, while both boys quivered with the shock. Without a word, they ceased work and stole softly toward the mill and to bed.



Night after night the voice now followed them, and as the rain fell on certain nights, the boys saw visions of a dark-robed figure gliding through the trees, lit up now and then by a playful flash of sheet lightning, and it was followed always by the ghostly voice, sighing, *"L-a-d-r-o-n!"*

"It is the ghost of Salvador watching over this accursed gold, I do believe," said the older boy; "and if we do not soon find the box, I will willingly give you my share."

"The negro said that the hill was haunted, and that ghosts stalked about at night; and I think he was right, I think they do," replied the other.

"If only father would help us," said the boy, "I believe we could find it."

"No, no, don't let us divide the money, let us keep it all to ourselves. I will not consent to your dragging your father into this compact. I am not afraid!"

And so again they began to work, digging first under one tree and then under another; but all the while the voice sighed, *"L-a-d-r-o-n!"* and the spinal columns of the boys froze tighter and tighter. A flash of lightning displayed the figure of the watching ghost, and a moment later they both stood trembling at the door of the mill, ready to cease forever from the search for the haunted gold.

It was well they did, for the following day the foreman received notice to the effect that his services at the mill were no longer required.

The notice stated that the disturbances on the hill were again noticed, and even the appearance on several occasions of phantom shadows was reported; and as they always brought bad luck upon some one, and the foreman chose to ignore the general agitation among the people, his services might cease.

In truth, the foreman had passed through the grove every night, but had not chanced to come upon the boys. Even now, when they were all leaving, the boys were unwilling to confide in the older man, for they were convinced that the place was guarded by Salvador's spirit, that no stranger might find the Simi gold of the mill.

In later years the story of the hidden treas-

ure became well known, but a thorough, deep ploughing of the hill revealed no strong-box. The shepherd's ghost guards safely to this day the gold of El Molino Viéjo, and ill luck attends all who search for it.

THE END